THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

Magnificent Demonstration at Historic Vinegar Hill in Honor of Those Who Died There in June, 1798, Fighting For Ireland, With the Green Flag Flying O'er Them.

Significant Speeches by Mr. Henry Dixon, of Dublin, and Other Patriotic Irishmen.

[*Condensed from Irish Daily Independent, May 28.*]

The patriotic question which Dr. Ingram asks in the opening of his stirring ballad, "Who fears to speak of '98?" was answered to-day, Sunday, May 27th on the side of Vinegar Hill with a power and a forcibleness which there was so mistaking. At a time when many were beginning to despair of Ireland, and when in several quarters it is considered almost blasphemous to refer to the men who fought and died for Irish liberty, the commemoration of the insurrection of '98 comes like a bugle blast to inspire with hope and confidence all who believe in the future of the land and the old cause. No one need blush for '98; no one need be ashamed to speak of it, and to refer in terms of patriotic praise to the brave men who took part in it. Though victory did not shine on the popular banner, yet the gallant struggle which a practically unarmed people made against overwhelming odds forms a chapter which every Irishman who professes to be an Irish Nationalist should feel justly proud of. By a tyranny which has very few parallels in history, and by atrocities unspeakable, the men of '98 were driven into rebellion. But when they took to the field unprepared and unorganized as they were, they rendered a very good account of themselves, with "the long bright pike," which laid many a foeman low.

As far as Ireland is concerned, the story of '98, though a sad, is at the same time a glorious one of heroic endeavour; while for England it is a foul episode—the foulest and worst, perhaps, in her blood-stained annals. To commemorate the struggles and sacrifices of the men of '98 is a National duty, and the very best thanks of the country are due to the Dublin Young Ireland Society for their thoughtful and patriotic action in initiating and arranging for to-day's pilgrimage to Vinegar Hill. To say that the pilgrimage was a great success is but stating the unadorned truth. Perhaps never before in the old town of Enniscorthy was such an immense number of people seen. One wondered where they all came from. Every street was crowded; all the roadways converging on the town were crowded. and a constant stream of people seemed to flow from the railway station. To give an idea of the largeness of the gathering it need only be mentioned that from Dublin alone over two thousand people traveled by the excursion trains which Messrs. Cook and Son arranged for the Young Ireland Society. Then people got in at the stations along the line, while Wicklow. Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, and the different portions of Wexford itself sent their large contigents to swell the number of those who deemed it a sacred duty to pay a tribute of love to the memory of the dead. Notwithstanding that such an enormous number of people congregated in Enniscorthy, it is a very pleasing thing to be able to say that the very best of order prevailed throughout the day, and that one and all seemed impressed with the character and importance of the occasion.

Of course efforts had been made some time previously to destroy the commemoration ceremony by suggestions which were entirely without foundation and by advice which was uncalled for and unworthy; but both the suggestions and the advice remained unheeded, with the result that Enniscorthy witnessed to-day a demonstration which in every way was worthy of the traditions of the old town and county. Soon after three o'clock a procession commenced to form. When everything was in readiness it made a circuit of the town and then proceeded to historic Vinegar Hill, which is not far distant. It was really an inspiriting sight to see the serried ranks as they marched along the roadway with bands playing and banners flying. The processionists in front, as the hill was neared, commenced to sing the "Boys of Wexford," and the stirring refrain was taken up all along the line. One of the bands then played "Who Fears to Speak of '98," and amid a scene of much enthusiasm the ascent was made. A meeting was held beside the old windmill on the summit of the hill, and an address was delivered by Mr. Henry Dixon of Dublin. The whole hill at this time was black with people, and the scene was a most impressive one. The weather was beautifully fine. The sun shone with great brilliancy; but what would have been an oppressive heat was tempered by a refreshing breeze. The varied scenery on the beautiful landscape which stretches away until it meets the purple hills was brought out in all its charm and attractiveness, and unimpressive, unemotional indeed must have been the mind that was not struck by all the surroundings, scenic as well as historical. Several of the Dublin city bands traveled with the Dublin contingents, while bands accompanied many of the other deputations as well. The public meeting commenced about four o'clock, and the gathering was magnificent, Dublin largely reinforcing the "Boys of Wexford."

On the motion of Mr. Michael Lynch, seconded by Mr. John White, the chair was taken by Mr. William Murphy.

Mr. Farrell, Hon. Secretary, read letters of apology for non-attendance from Mr. F. J. Allen, Dublin, and Mr. Michael Governey, C T C, Carlow.

The Chairman, who was received with cheers, said ninety-six years had passed and gone since the Green Flag went down drenched in the blood of their country upon that hill; ninety-six years had passed and gone since the bloody ensign of British rule was raised in seeming triumph over a prostrate nation, and two years later was carried the accursed Act of Union by bribery and fraud. During all those long years of tears and famine and suffering their people had striven within the Constitution and without the Constitution (cheers) to win the liberties of their country, and standing there that day he felt that they, if wisdom and prudence and true courage should point the way, were prepared to tread the soldiers' road to freedom. (Loud cheers.) In convening that commemorative meeting there that day, they had no great orators either in Church or State to put before them; but the innate spirit of nationality gave them that magnificent demonstration. Reviled, maligned, and calumniated by past masters in the art of defamation, they had been charged with bringing the people there that day under false pretenses in the interest of a section of parliamentarians. He repudiated such a charge, for though they were divided in current politics, they were united in their love and in their veneration, and in their desire to do honor to the patriots and the heroes who fought and died for Ireland. If they had a hatred among themselves, they had a greater hatred to British rule and British rulers (loud and prolonged cheering), and he was sure that they were all united in their desire to see Ireland as she ought to be, free and independent. (Prolonged cheers.)

In the course of an earnest and patriotic speech, Mr. Henry Dixon, Jr., of Dublin, said: "They had passed through many crisis from '98 to '94, and the sooner they learned for themselves that if they were to terminate English rule in Ireland they should adopt a different policy—a policy of self-discipline, fully recognizing all that it meant, and acknowledging all that it entailed. When they commenced to think for themselves, and, having done that, acted for themselves, the result would not be long in doubt. What had been the result of the opposite policy? That they had been at the mercy of every man who could flatter them in a letter to a newspaper, in a book, or in a speech, and this flattery that John Mitchel had referred to had sapped that instinct which should teach them to examine everything for themselves (hear, hear). Referring to the policy of England regarding this country, he said it had been systematic to the end. It was yesterday they were coerced by a coercionist government, but it was quite true that tomorrow they might be humbugged and cajoled by a man who would say that he did not represent a coercionist government. But why were they coerced? They had been coerced and cajoled in turn as the result of not thinking for themselves, and they had seen the best men in Ireland consigned to the gibbet and the jail (hear, hear).

A Voice—John Daly.

Mr. Dixon—And they had now, even while they flattered themselves that they were living in what was called a state of liberty, but what he would term the interval of cajolement—they now witnessed broken promises, and some of the best blood in Ireland rotting in jail in England and Ireland (hear, hear). That was the result of the policy he had referred to. They should even now set to wosk to build anew the public life of Ireland; it was the children who were growing up around them who would in all probability have to settle this National question, and let them teach them the true duties of citizenship—what patriotism meant, and what it was to think and act an independent part—to think for themselves regardless of the opinion of anyone else (cheers). Until they did that they would not see an independent Ireland and it would be idle for them to be coming there to honor the memory of the men who died for Ireland (hear, hear). They should, therefore, make a resolution that, so far as they were concerned, they would work so that those who came after them would be worthy sons of the United Irishmen, and would be worthy to carry out the object of those men, the establishment in this country of a senate responsible to the people, and, if the country was so disposed, a government on Republican lines" (loud cheers).

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Dixon for his address, to which he suitably replied.

On motion of Mr. D. J. O'Riordan, seconded by Mr. A. Griffith, Mr. E. R. Whelan, Secretary of the Young Ireland League, Dublin, was moved to the second chair; and on motion of Mr. D. J. O'Riordan, seconded by Mr. D. Fagan, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. Murphy for presiding at the meeting. The members of the New Ross brass band having sung "The Memory of the Dead," the meeting terminated.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county are requested to send delegates—three from each organization entitled to representation—to the annual convention, which will meet at Fitzgerald's hall, Halsted and Adams streets, at 3 o'clock p.m., Sunday, June 24, 1894. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other important business disposed of.

JOHN F. FINERTY, President.
T. F. MCCARTHY, }
JOHN DOWLING, } Secretaries.

A PIOUS OVATION.

His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan Honored By the Parishioners of the Holy Family Church and Their Coreligionists.

The Impressive Sacrament of Confirmation Conferred Upon a Thousand Catholic Communicants—Personnel of the Parade.

Thousands witnessed the public reception given to Archbishop Feehan by the people of the Holy Family parish last Sunday, says the *Tribune* of the 11th inst. Fully 3,000 marchers were in the procession which escorted the archbishop to St. Ignatius College and the Holy Family church at May street and Centre avenue. The attendant ceremonies were marked by much pomp and splendor. A dozen bands furnished music, and the streets traversed by the procession were crowded to the curb. Over 500 little girls, clad in white dresses and wearing wreaths of white flowers, took part in the ceremony. They, with an equal number of boys and adults, were confirmed at the church at the close of the parade. It was the day annually set apart by the archbishop as "confirmation day," when the converts of the last year and the children of the parish who have reached the proper age are given that sacrament. As the Holy Family parish is the largest in the diocese the day is always observed with more than the usual interest. The number of people confirmed Sunday was unusually large. The church was filled, and a still greater throng waited outside in the street during the two hours which the services lasted. Crowds of people had waited on the church steps several hours before the doors were thrown open. In their eagerness to gain a close view of the archbishop the people crowded the sidewalk so closely that it was necessary to call upon a squad of guards armed with swords to clear a passage to the church.

As the archbishop appeared at the door clad in cope and miter and carrying the golden crozier the crowd fell back silently and respectfully. Following the prelate came eighty altar boys in red and white gowns. Over his head was carried an elegant canopy of silk and gold. It was supported by four young men in the uniform of Patriotic Sons of Father Matthew. Between the double ranks of men in green, gold, and red uniforms the prelate and his train marched slowly to the church, a distance of half a block from the college.

There the ceremony of confirmation was necessarily short owing to the great numbers. The archbishop pronounced the words of the sacrament and made the sign of the cross on the forehead of each of the 1,000 men, women, and children. One of the assisting priests carried a small silver vase containing chrism, which is olive oil blessed with balsam. In this vase the archbishop dipped his finger as he administered the sacrament and touched the forehead of each. At the close of the services he made a short address from the altar.

The priests who assisted the archbishop were: Father Hoeffer, master of ceremonies at the church; Father Fitzgerald, president of St. Ignatius College; Father Dowling, pastor of Holy Family church; Fathers Corbley, Berberich, Cornely and Paul.

The procession formed at 1:30 o'clock at Sodality Hall at Eleventh and May streets. The children of the confirmation class were gathered in line as the procession passed each of the schools along the line of march toward Loomis and Jackson streets, where the archbishop met the procession. He was accompanied by the Rev. Father Fitzgerald.

Owing to the intense heat the children were not allowed to march the whole distance, but were compelled to stand in line at Lytle and Taylor streets while awaiting the arrival of their main column, which escorted the carriages containing the clergy. Many of the children were kept in shelter at the Convent of the Sacred Heart until the others arrived.

The archbishop's carriage stopped opposite the south entrance of the convent, where a little ceremony had been arranged. Two little girls dressed in white came to the door of the carriage and presented him with two large baskets of beautiful roses. They accepted his thanks, kissed his extended hand, and the procession moved on.

The archbishop and others of the clergy reviewed the parade from the front of St. Ignatius College. The ceremonies at the church followed immediately.

The order of the formation of the procession was:

Grand Marshal—T. L. Keyes.
Aides to Grand Marshal:
Daniel Ryan, Thomas Lynch, J. Johnson, P. McGeary, Thomas Holland, G. J. Moore, M. Garry, T. Morooney, R. J. Bremner, J. H. Carmody, Wm. Ryan, and John F. O'Brien.

FIRST DIVISION.

Married Men's Sodality Band.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew.
Young Men's Sodality.
Married Men's Sodality.
Father Mathew Temperance Band.
Father Mathew Cadets.
Father Mathew T. A. & B. Society.
Holy Family Cadets.
Holy Family T. A. & B. Society.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.

SECOND DIVISION.

Catholic Order of Foresters, T. J. Loftus commanding.
Aides: William Bendel, James J. Gillan.
Second Regiment Band.
Uniform Rank C.O.F.
Holy Family Court No. 1.
St. Joseph Court No. 8.
Reise Band.
St. Ignatius Court No. 18.
Bramhall Band.
St. Aloysius Court No. 27.
St. Rose of Lima Court No. 70.
Oakley Court No. 128.
Holy Family Juvenile Band.
Emerald Cadets.

Among the attractive features of the parade were the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, who were in full uniform, and marched faultlessly. The Father Mathew Cadets, with their scarlet zouave uniforms and glistening guns, created much admiration, as did the Holy Family Cadets in their suits of gray. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Catholic Order of Foresters were present with the full regalia and banners of their orders.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

The Eleventh Annual Session of the Catholic Order of Foresters convened in St. Paul, Minn., Tuesday, June 5, 1894. The work of the convention was opened by a solemn high mass at the cathedral at St. Paul, during which the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland delivered the sermon. The delegates paraded in a body through the principal streets on the way from Armory Hall to the cathedral.

The regular session of the convention was opened at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon with the appointment of committees. The chairman of the committees were as follows: E. S. Cummings, Chicago, Committee on Constitution; L. N. Dupuis, St Jerome, Que., Committee on Petitions; John McGee, Milwaukee, Committee on Appeals; Peter Seese, Chicago, Committee on Finance; E. J. Schauer, Chicago, Committee on the Order.

The principal legislation enacted at the convention related to the division of the Order into state and provincial Courts, which will be published in these columns next week. By the provisions of this law the membership of the next [illegible] reduced. There were 450 eligible delegates to the Eleventh Annual Session, and about 420 attended. The work of the convention passed off smoothly, although many exciting debates occurred on the amendments to the constitution.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago, high chief ranger; Thomas J. Calleu, Milwaukee, Wis., vice high chief ranger; Theodore B. Thiele, Chicago, high secretary; Michael Cyr, Chicago, high treasurer; Dr. T. F. O'Malley, Chicago, high medical examiner; Henry Schomer, John F. O'Brien, Col. P. M. Clowry, Adolphe Fournier, I. J. Chilewski, and Valentine Schmittschmitt, all of Chicago, high trustees.

The personnel of the high court is changed but little. Mr. John C. Schubert, retiring, becomes past high chief ranger. Three new members were added to the High Court in T. B. Thiele, high secretary elect, I. J. Chilewski and V. Schmittschmitt, who replace Messrs. John Bednorz and David McGann.

The delegates were splendidly entertained by the Foresters of St. Paul and the citizens of the city. Mayor elect Smith attended the convention, and welcomed the delegates to St. Paul.

The next convention will be held in the city of Ottawa, Canada.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

So enthusiastic has been the reception of the "Black Hussar" now in its third and last week by the Schiller Comic Opera Company at the Schiller Theatre, that Managers Prior and Wolff postponed the production of the opera to succeed it, the "Tar and Tartar," until next Sunday evening. The popular success at once achieved by the Schiller Comic Opera Company is something phenomenal and nothing like it has been known in the amusement annals of Chicago. It commenced with the splendid success of the "Beggar Student" the first opera of the season, it has been increased by the remarkable popularity of the "Black Hussar," now crowding the theatre every night, and its continuance is surely indicated by the eager popular interest in the production of the irresistably amusing musical masterpiece, the "Tar und Tartar," next Sunday night.

The "Tar and Tartar," on which the Schiller curtain will rise next Sunday evening, is an extremely amusing and charmingly melodious opera, and has always held high water mark in the tide of public favor. It is an exceedingly funny story by the favorite librettist Harry B. Smith, and its delightful music is written by Adam Itzel, Jr., and not by DeKoven, as a number of people have somehow or another grown to suppose. It will be presented with magnificent scenic and spectacular effects, and as the *Times* of last Sunday says, "will be produced with the same high degree of general excellence which has characterized both "The Beggar Student" and "The Black Hussar."

THERE are 177,855 miles of railroad in the United States. 533,565,000 ties are used to bind these rails together. No such number is required, however, to bind the hearts of a traveling public to the Monon Route. All acknowledge that it is the best line between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

A Rude, But Indisputable, Evidence that the French, Not the Normans, Conquered England.

The Work Done By the Wife of William the Conqueror and Her Ladies.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Rude as the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry are, they are wonderfully interesting from the representations they give of the arms and armor of that period. Both French and English seem to have had the same arms and armor, except that the English had battle-axes, weapons that the French do not seem to have used at all. The armor consisted of an iron conical helmet with iron spike coming down over the nose, and a garment of chain armor, that was coat, vest and breeches all in one. It came only down to the knee, leaving the legs unprotected save by hose. If the Bayeux Tayestry gives anything like a faithful representation of a knight on horseback at the battle of Hastings, he must have been as ugly and as unpicturesquely accoutered an individual as it is possible to conceive. The bronze breastplates and back-pieces of the Greek and and Roman soldiers seem to have gone entirely out of use many centuries before the battle of Hastings, and to have given place iron chain armor. Not a figure on the Bayeux Tapestry is represented as wearing a breast-plate or cuirass. Steel breast-plates were not used before the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The swords of the French and English are represented on the Bayeux Tapestry as exactly similar. They are all straight, double-edged, cross-hilted, and almost identical with the Irish sword found in the little river Inncoin, near Ballymore, county Westmeath. It is in the museum here, and was described by me in an article in THE CITIZEN some months ago. The swords of the period seem to have been the same or nearly the same, in all the European nations. It would, however, appear that the Irish swords made of iron or steel, of which some dozens may be seen in the Dublin museum, were generally distinguished by their enormous pommels, some of them being nearly two pounds in weight.

No battle that was ever fought can have such all-absorbing interest for the natives of these countries and their descendants as the battle of Hastings. Waterloo is justly counted among the decisive battles of the world; but the results of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo were insignificant compared with what resulted from the defeat of the English at Hastings. The results that followed from the battle of Hastings were more important, more far-reaching, and more extraordinary than ever followed from any battle of which history tells. Hastings not only made a nation, but made a language and a literature—the greatest language and the greatest literature that the world has perhaps ever seen. The Saxon English or whatever they were before their defeat at Hastings, were of little account, and never could have made a great nation. They had been in possession of England for five hundred years before the battle of Hastings, and during all those centuries they hardly produced a great man. King Alfred and the venerable Bede are absolutely the only men of whom Saxon England has any reason to be proud; and it was the very barrenness of genius or ability among the Saxons that has made the names of Alfred and the Venerable Bede to be remembered at all. In spite of the help the Saxons got from the Irish, who taught them their alphabet, and who instructed most of their kings, the Saxon English were totally unable to produce even a mediocre literature. A single tract from the Book of Leinster is worth more, in a literary point of view, than all that has come down to us of the literature of Saxon England.

But as soon as a greater and a more gifted people than the Saxons got the mastery of England, she became great almost at once; and as soon the French and Saxon idioms coalesced, the English language came into existence, and a great literature soon followed. Nowhere does history tell of such good fortune brought to the vanquished by defeat as was brought to the English by their defeat at Hastings. The site of that battle ought to be dear to every Englishman, for it was its results that made his country great, few Englishmen as there unfortunately are with candor enough to acknowledge the fact.

If the defeat of the English at Hastings was a lucky thing for England, it was a most unlucky thing for Ireland, for mere Saxon English could never have conquered it. The Irish conquered the conquerors of the Saxons, the Danes. If England had not been conquered at Hastings, Ireland as well as Scotland, would almost certainly be independent nations today; and Gaelic, the common language of both countries, would probably be now spoken by half those who speak English.

I do not remember ever having seen as unseasonable a month of May in Ireland. It is as cold as it was in February, and a great deal colder than March, which was a delightful month. Still the grass and crops look well so far, in spite of a northeast wind that has been blowing all along the east coast of Ireland for more than a month—a very unusual thing. T. O. R.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS SHEA.

Mr. Thomas Shea, an old and prominent resident of Milwaukee, Wis., died Saturday morning after a sickness lasting several months. Mr. Shea was a member of the board of fire and police commissioners and of the chamber of commerce, and had been a resident of Milwaukee since 1853. He was 64 years old. Mr. Shea left Ireland when 13 years old and came directly to Milwaukee. From the position of teamster he became, in 1855, the owner of a small dray line, and secured the contract for delivering all the freight of the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad, afterward the Northwestern. His business quickly increased and he accumulated a fortune. He retired a few years ago in favor of his sons, Thomas and Edward. A few years ago, in company with John S. George, he became interested in what is now called the Lackawanna dock property. He was a heavy holder of real estate and part proprietor of National Park. He was a principal stockholder in the South Milwaukee Land Company, and helped largely by his liberality to build up that section. His wealth is estimated at about $400,000.

CAPT. F. P. REAP.

Capt. F. P. Reap, one of the most prominent citizens of Pittston, Pa., died last week. He was the son of Michael and Mary (Bolin) Reap, and was born forty-two years ago in Pittston. He entered West Point Military Academy, and graduated with honors from that famous institution in 1872. He then was sent to the frontier, where he served in the United States army, filling several military positions with distinction. In 1875, having returned to Pittston, he accepted a position in the Miner's Savings Bank as teller, and later, upon the death of his father in 1878, was promoted to the cashierspip. He filled this position until 1885, when owing to illness he was compelled to relinquish the position. In 1876 he was married to Miss Anna McCann of Hyde Park, who died ten years later. Capt. Reap leave five children—Michael Joseph, Frank Patrick, Lee and Edward. Mr. Rea was the brother of Councilman J. F Reap, Dr. J. C. Reap, Dr. [illegible] of Wilkesbarre, Mrs. [illegible] Reap of California, Thomas M. Reap Tacoma, Mrs. B. O'Malley and Miss M. Reap.—*Irish World.*

[Captain Reap's father was one of the foremost Irish Nationalists of Pennsylvania—a man of wealth and position who never shrank from his duty to either America or Ireland.—EDITOR CITIZEN.]

JOHN BURKE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 10.—Mr. John Burke, the well-known court crier in the United States Court, died at 5 o'clock this morning at his home. No. 466 Marshall street, of Bright's disease. Mr. Burke was one of the characters of the city. He was an ardent land leaguer and from the time of the Fenian movement in 1865 and 1866 he took an active interest in the political affairs of his native land. He came to this country from Ireland in 1847, and lived in Milwaukee the greater portion of the time since. Mr. Burke traced his genealogy back to one of the early rulers of Ireland. He leaves a wife and six children. Lieutenant Edmund Burke, U. S. N., Miss Winnifred Burke, Richard Burke, and Mrs. Charles Geisbusch, of this city, Rev. Father Burke, a member of the Jesuit order in Austria, and Mother Burke, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago.

A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

The numerous friends of Mr. James T. Clarke, No. 1267 West 16th street, city, will be sorry to learn that, within a few weeks, he has been bereaved by the death of his father, Mr. Thomas Clarke, and his mother, Mrs. Anne Clarke, at their home in Ireland. The former was in his 69th and the latter in her 62d year. They lived in the parish of Larey, county Cavan. Mr. Clarke, Sr., was for many years a leader among his people, and always took a deep interest in all matters relating to the welfare and freedom of his native country. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and he was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of his friends and neighbors. Mrs. Clark did not long survive her husband. Almost her last act on this earth was to write an affectionate letter to her son James, mentioned above. The news of her passing away following fast on the death of the aged father, has deeply affected all the members of the family in this city. Mrs. Clarke was a near relative of the late Constantine McGuire, of Boston, Mass., and her father was John McGuire, of Fairbank, county Roscommon. These deaths were the first that had occurred in the family for four and forty years, and this circumstance makes them all the more heavy felt. Mr. James T. Clarke hopes, some day, to re-visit the land of his birth, and visit the last resting place of the parents he loved so well in the old churchyard where his kindred have been interred for generations.

Sam Jack's.

Charles Belmont, Sam T. Jack's popular Irish comedian, has embarked as a manager, and has organized a well-selected show which, under the name of "Charles Belmont's All-Star Specialty Company," is attracting large crowds to Mr. Jack's Empire this week.

Dan Crockett's Four Champions Athletic company is at Sam T. Jack's Opera House again this week, and is drawing good houses nightly.

BY FLOOD AND FIRE

Omaha in Danger From the Rising Missouri.

A CHANGE OF COURSE THREATENED

The Tricky Stream May Return to Its Old Bed and Destroy Millions of Dollars in Property—Inundation at Augusta, Kas.—Forest Fires in Michigan Create a General Panic—Lakes of Flames Raging—The Destruction at Sagola.

OMAHA, June 12.—The rain in this vicinity has ceased, but the Missouri river continues to rise steadily. The possible danger line is eighteen feet, and the stage of water is something over fourteen feet. The local United States weather bureau officers declare that if the conditions to the north were of a foreboding character they would receive telegraphic communication at once, and the danger at Omaha depends upon sudden rises to the north. The indications, however, are for increasing rains in this vicinity and to the north, which makes the situation more serious. The river is pouring into Florence lake. This is a lake of water a few miles above the city formerly the old river bed, and for years the river has threatened to return to its ancient channel by this course.

Would Wipe Out Millions.

This would result in the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property, as the old river bed for miles is crowded with freight yards, big warehouses and residences. While the rise of three feet would bring the river to a very dangerous stage it would take even more to force it into the old channel, as the property owners along the route have taken every precaution to protect their places by artificial means. The river men are watching the encroaching waters narrowly. The river cannot possibly reach the danger line before noon today at the most rapid rise.

Deluge Stops the Waterworks.

ELDORADO, Kas., June 12.—The water from the Walnut river has subsided in this city. It has reached Augusta and backed up to the center of that town. People passed Brown's bank in boats. This is one and one-half miles from the river. The entire southern part of Augusta is inundated. The north wall of the waterworks in Augusta caved in and ruined the pumps. Much loss to live stock is reported. The entire valley has been inundated by the flood and crops of all kinds are generally ruined.

PANIC-STRUCK AT ISHPEMING.

Flaming Forests All Around—Lumber Plants Burned—Losses at Sagola.

ISHPEMING, Mich., June 12.—A general panic is in progress in this region due to the depredation of forest fires. Sidnaw, a lumbering town on the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway, is being terribly scorched and Hubbell's extensive saw-mill plant completely wiped out.

The village of Nestoria escaped destruction by a favorable change in the wind. West of Nestoria two railroad bridges have burned. Clowry, on the Chicago and Northwestern extension, is surrounded by a lake of fire. J. C. Fowle's lumber plant there with its surroundings seems doomed to destruction.

Half the Village Wiped Out.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich., June 12.—Forest fires have wiped out nearly one-half the village of Sagola, twenty miles north, destroying the following property: Sagola Lumber company's hotel, $2,000; M. J. McCormick, furniture, $1,500; B. Rahr's saloon, $2,500; Metropolitan Lumber company's warehouse, $1,000; Sagola Lumber company, five dwellings, $2,000; M. J. McCormick, $3,500, and railroad ties and posts.

At Summit, four miles south, the houses occupied by settlers burned; also several thousand posts and ties owned by Edward Freeman, of this city. Two mill crews are working night and day to save the mills. Hundreds of acres of potatoes and other farm products are destroyed. The fires are the worst in years and untold damage will be done unless rain falls at once.

Eighteen Horses Cremated.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., June 12.—Fire destroyed the barn and plant of the Nebraska Street Railway company. Eighteen head of horses were burned to death. Loss unknown, but will be heavy.

She Was Left at the Colonel's Door.

NEW YORK, June 12.—One of the chief mourners at Lieutenant Colonel Daniel Mahen's funeral was Mrs. Komori, whose life had a romantic connection with that of the colonel. When a little baby she had been left on the colonel's door-step. The latter raised the child and when she grew up she married a Japanese gentleman against her adopted father's will. She has separated from her husband. Her marriage led to her being cut off without a penny.

Tried to Wreck the Troop Train.

PANA, Ills., June 12.—The First regiment, Illinois national guard, has left for home on a special train. After the train had got a mile out of town persons supposed to be strikers attempted to wreck the train by placing a piece of iron rail between switch frogs. The danger was discovered in time to avoid an accident.

Was a Very Harmless Bomb.

MINONK, Ills., June 12.—The bomb that created such a scare here was examined and found to be stuffed with old paper and filings from an emery wheel. Mr. O'Connell has shaken hands and agreed not to prosecute the men who put the instrument at his door as he threatened to do if he could get sufficient proof.

Wants Debs' Union to Help.

KANSAS CITY, June 12.—George C. Ward has left here for Chicago to attend the first annual convention of the American Railway Union. Ward's purpose is to induce the Railway union to espouse the cause of the striking coal miners.

Ranks Coxeyites as Vagrants.

DENVER, June 12.—Sheriff Burchinell from now until the commonweal movement subsides will arrest and imprison as vagrants all Coxeyites entering the city.

A Case of Cause and Effect.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Thomase Reilly ran about playing for a week with a splinter imbedded in his right foot. He died at the Roosevelt hospital in great agony of lockjaw.

Gold Reserve Below $70,000,000.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The cash balance in the treasury yesterday was $116,813,621, of which $69,375,528 was gold reserve.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Lives Lost in Fires at New Straitsville, O., and Chicago.

NEW STRAITSVILLE, June 11.—This city was visited by the biggest fire witnessed since the town was incorporated, and the result is one man lies dead, burned to a crisp. Two others are seriously burned and two are missing. The dead man's name is Peter Kramer. The injured are James Daniels and Robert McFall.

The fire started in the big double livery stable, owned by J. L. West, and spread into an adjoining dwelling, two blacksmith shops and the Grand Opera house, all of which were completely destroyed except the opera house, which was damaged to the extent of $1,000. Ten head of horses belonging to West, fourteen buggies and several tons of hay, were also destroyed. It is thought that an unknown umbrella repairer and a tramp were also burned. No trace of their remains has yet been found, but they have not been seen since. The loss to buildings will not exceed $8,000, nearly fully covered by insurance.

CHICAGO, June 11.—Sixteen horses and a man were burned to death in a fire which broke out in a stable in the rear of the coal yard of Hostetter & Co. 1144 West Madison street at midnight. The stable was burned to the ground, and in addition to the horses about $6,000 worth of contents, consisting of grain, hay, wagons, and three carriages, were consumed.

KANSAS CITY, June 11.—Fire destroyed two big implement houses on West Thirteenth street and injured several persons, one of whom may die. Those hurt were: Jasper P. Pope, seriously hurt; James Donnelly, caught under falling walls; Patrick Ahern, collarbone dislocated; James Marion, injured about the hips.

COXEYITES DROWNED.

From Fourteen to Twenty Men Lose Their Lives in the Platte River.

BRIGHTON, Colo., June 8—A number of Coxeyites attempted to navigate the Platte river which was a raging torrent and many boats were wrecked at the bridges. Twenty-nine boats, containing 185 men, passed Henderson Island bridge. Only twenty, with less than one hundred men, reached Brighton. Some boats were deserted, their occupants taking to the road.

At the McKay bridge several men were drowned. At Henderson Island bridge twenty-one men were in the water at one time, but were rescued with ropes by Ralph Lee and Louis Branter. The boat of one man from Utah, known as "Frenchy," has been recovered. Of one boat load of eight six are said to have been lost. Most of the bodies have been washed down stream. Many of the Coxeyites believe fourteen to twenty men were drowned. Many men are clinging to the trees along the river banks and an order has been telegraphed to Denver for skiffs to take them off.

Kelly Resumes His Journey.

CAIRO, Ills., June 11.—Kelly's army of commonwealers, who have been unable to make any movement for the last few days, are at last able to resume their march on to Washington. Captain Beatty of Paducah will send down his steamboat, the A. S. Willis, and barges and take them to a point in Illinois, opposite to Paducah. Citizens of Cairo and Mound City join to bear the expense. The citizens of Cairo donated to the commonwealers nine wagonloads of provisions.

KANSAS REPUBLICANS.

Major E. M. Merrill Nominated by the Convention for Governor.

TOPEKA, June 7.—At the first day's session the Republican convention nominated Mayor E. M. Merrill for governor and W. A. Johnson for the supreme court and adjourned. When the convention reassembled James A. Troutman was nominated for lieutenant governor on the third ballot, the vote standing: Troutman, 538; Heiser, 348.

Bill Dalton Dead Again.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—A special to The Republic from Ardmore, I. T., says: Sheriff Howard, accompanied by Frank Fisher and Claude Lacey, citizens of Longview, Tex., viewed the remains of the dead bandit and unhesitatingly pronounced him to be the leader of the Longview bank robbers. Charles B. Dalton arrived his from Kingfisher, and also recognized wayward brother Bill. Deputy Stewart arrested Mrs. Dalton on the charge of receiving stolen property.

Verdict in the Maney Case.

ST. PAUL, June 6.—The verdict in the Maney case was learned positively by The Dispatch. Lieutenant Maney was cleared on the first specification but found guilty of the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer, and the sentence was suspension for one year with forfeiture of half pay during time of suspension. A recommendation to executive clemency, which accompanied the sentence, it is believed may serve to clear him from the severity of the sentence.

Jenkins Case Is Up.

CHICAGO, June 11.—The argument on the appeal from the famous strike injunction of Judge Jenkins in behalf of the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad company was begun before the United States circuit court of appeals. Justice Harlan of the supreme court of the United States presided. Sitting with him were Judge Woods of Indianapolis and Judge Bunn of Wisconsin.

Latest Returns from Oregon.

PORTLAND, June 11.—Complete returns from twenty-five counties and nearly complete returns from the remaining seven counties give the following vote for governor: Lord, Rep., 40,089; Pierce, Pop., 25,451; Galloway, Dem., 16,875; Kennedy, Pro., 15,926. Lord's plurality 14,568.

Fire at West Bay City.

WEST BAY CITY, Mich., June 11.—Fire destroyed McLaughlin & Magills' office, lime kiln, coal sheds and docks, the River View hotel and another building and badly damaged the Third Street bridge and the steam barge W. P. Thew. Loss about $50,000; partially insured.

Missing Man Found.

CHICAGO, June 8.—William Simsrott, the secretary and treasurer of the Switchmen's union who mysteriously disappeared in this city several weeks ago, has been found in Boston and his friends here have been notified. It is said he is insane.

Breckinridge Expelled.

CHICAGO, June 11.—W. C. P. Breckinridge has been formally expelled from the Union League club of this city, the month that had been given him to reply to charges against him having expired.

OHIO REPULBICANS.

The State Convention at Columbus Nominates a Ticket.

COLUMBUS, June 7.—The Republican state convention reconvened at 10 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Macafee. When ex-Secretary Charles Foster was introduced as permanent chairman he was greeted with an unusual demonstration. Governor McKinley was

S. M. TAYLOR.

given an ovation on entering the hall at 11 o'clock. Auditor of State Poe read the report on resolutions which was adopted with frequent applause.

S. M. Taylor was renominated for secretary of state, no opposition. John A. Shanck of Dayton was nominated for judge on the third ballot over F. J. Dukman, candidate for renomination, and John A. Price. C. E. Groce was renominated for board of public works and O. T. Carson for school commissioner. Inferences in speeches are to the effect that Foraker is favorite for United States senator and McKinley for president.

Nominated for Congress.

COLBY, Kan., June 7.—Congressman Baker of the Sixth district was renominated by the Populists. Resolutions commending the present state administration and expressing faith in the Omaha platform were adopted.

WARSAW, Ind., June 7.—The Republicans of the Thirteenth Indiana district in convention here nominated Lem W. Royce on the first ballot for congress.

AURORA, Ills., June 7.—The first Republican convention of the new Eighth congressional district was held in Aurora. Representative A. J. Hopkins of the Fifth district was nominated by acclamation for the sixth time.

SURRENDERED TO THE MILITIA.

Cripple Creek Strike Ended Without Further Bloodshed.

CRIPPLE CREEK, June 11.—The great Cripple Creek strike is at an end. The striking miners surrendered to General Brooks, commander of the state militia, without resistance and the two hundred for whom warrants have been issued for complicity in the murder of Deputy Rabideau were arrested and will be taken to Colorado Springs. The deputies and Sheriff Bowers were totally ignored in the transaction by order of Governor Waite. The sheriff demanded the recall of the troops, but the governor refused it and the militia are camped at Altman, the miners' headquarters.

The miners will resume work at an early date and the district will soon again be prosperous. The deputies will break camp and return to Colorado Springs, while the militia will remain for an indefinite period, or until the miners are successfully working again. The strike has been of five months duration, and 1,800 men and eighty-nine producing mines have been implicated. The district produced $500,000 monthly in gold ore before the strike, and when work is again resumed the output will doubtless be increased and the camp again in wealth and prosperity.

RUN UP INTO MILLIONS.

The Losses by Floods in the Northwest Part of the Country.

PORTLAND, Or., June 8.—No accurate estimate of the damage by floods along the Columbia and Williamette rivers can be made. It is certain, however, to run into the millions. The entire northwest, including Idaho, Washington and Oregon and British Columbia, is virtually shut off from the east by the floods. The Canadian Pacific roads have been washed out for hundreds of miles and it will require weeks to repair the damage after the water goes down.

OMAHA, June 8.—There is scarcely any estimation of the damage done by the flood to the Oregon Railway and Navigation lines, the northwestern connections of the Union Pacific. At headquarters a careful estimate places the total damage at $2,000,000, with the probability that this will be exceeded. Miles of track have been washed away or so affected by the flood as to necessitate complete rebuilding.

Dr. Meyer in Sing Sing.

SING SING, N. Y., June 11.—Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer arrived here and was given the regulation suit and shave. He will be assigned a number and placed at work in one of the shops. It is possible he will be put at work assisting John Y. McKane in the clothing department, as McKane and Biff Ellison are said to be unable to handle all the clothes now being made up.

The Mother Goes to Prison for Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—Mrs. Jane Shattuck has been sentenced to prison for life for the murder of Harry G. Poole, a well known young man, about four months ago. Poole had been paying attention to Miss Shattuck, a chorus girl. Her mother shot Poole in her own apartments because he refused to marry her daughter immediately.

Fatal Wreck on the Vandalia.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—The eastbound fast train of the Vandalia line, leaving here at 8:40, was wrecked at Pocahontas, Ills., forty-one miles east of here. S. A. Paulton, fireman, of Terre Haute, was killed. Mail Clerk Henry Albaugh probably fatally crushed in the chest. Engineer Thomas Menifer was slightly injured.

About 50 Cents on the Dollar.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 11.—It is announced positively that the assets of Steele & Walker will not be near sufficient to meet the obligations and creditors may not be paid more than 50 cents on the dollar, as the liabilities now aggregate nearly $1,000,000.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 7.—A sensational tragedy was enacted in this city by which two homes are shrouded in sorrow and shame. Illicit love and jealously claim two victims—S. P. Hodgen, of this city, and a former prominent farmer of Pleasant Plains in this county, and Mrs. Mollie Jones, also of Springfield. Shortly after noon pistol shots and screams were heard from flats near the business center of the city. When aid finally arrived Hodgen and Mrs. Jones were found lying dead in a bed. In all ten shots were fired. The woman was struck three times in the head and twice in the breast. Hodgen fired two shots through his own head. Hodgen has a wife and eight children at Alton, Ia. Mrs. Jones has a husband and four children, two of whom, aged 4 and 6 years, were witnesses of the tragedy.

Mrs. Jones and Hodgen entered on their illicit course at Pleasant Plains over three years ago, which resulted in the separation of the former from her husband and the latter from his wife. He sold his farm at Pleasant Plains and both moved to Chicago. After the World's fair they returned to this city, where they continued their relations which culminated in the tragedy. In a note left by Hodgen he said: "This should be the fate of all lewd and homewrecking women," and the tragedy was doubtless the result of Hodgen's brooding over his squandered estate and ruined domestic happiness.

YOUNG MAN STARVED TO DEATH.

His Father and Step-Mother Arrested for the Crime.

CARTHAGE, Ills., June 12.—Mr. and Mrs. John Leffler, wealthy residents of this county, have been indicted and arrested, charged with having starved their son to death. John Leffler is aged 70, and his wife, his second one, is young and rather prepossessing. Leffler had a son Henry by a former wife, and he was a helpless paralytic. The boy had been in Iowa for some time and came back home. This displeased Leffler, who, it is charged, began to starve the young man. A neighboring woman roused her friends and a call was made on the Lefflers.

Although admission was refused to the house an entrance was effected and Henry Leffler was found lying on a cot in a pantry 4 by 8 feet with flies covering him an inch thick, and enveloped in filth. He was then nearly dead. The neighbors employed a physician, who testified that the young man's condition was due to lack of proper food. The victim was removed to the poor house by neighbors, where he died in a few days from effects of starvation, as alleged.

OBSTRUCTED THE TRACK.

Strikers Attempt to Wreck a Train Near Leland, Ills.

OTTAWA, June 11.—An attempt was made to wreck the mixed train on the Burlington, known as the Pawpaw, at Baker station, between Leland and Earlville. Two four-inch planks were placed on the track, and had it not been that the pilot was very rigid the train, which carried a number of passengers, would have been wrecked. It had been carrying coal from the small towns along the line to Streator and was hauling three carloads when the obstruction was met. It is believed to have been the work of miners or their sympathizers, as threats have been made by miners at Streator.

Strike Leader Under Arrest.

PEORIA, Ills., June 11.—Ex-Representative John L. Geher, leader of the mob that burned Little's mine Wednesday, was arrested at his home at Edwards Station. He was lodged in jail at Pekin, where he is being carefully guarded. There were rumors that a rescue would be attempted. Ed Blewer, the young striker killed in the attack on the Little mine, was buried at Bartonville. His funeral was made the occasion of a great demonstration by the strikers. A procession a mile long, including 187 vehicles and hundreds of men marching on foot, followed his body to the grave.

Two Slick Strangers Took Him In.

PITTSFIELD, Ills., June 7.—Otis Haskins, a wealthy retired farmer of this city, was bunced out of $5,000 by two slick strangers who wanted to buy a farm. They got him to put the money in a box and then turned it over to him, he supposed, to keep until today when they would return, but he became suspicious a short time after the men left and opened the box, and all it contained was a stone done up in paper. The robbers were traced to Versailles and arrested.

Commencement Exercises.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., June 7.—The twenty-third annual commencement exercises of the University of Illinois was held in this city. The address was delivered by Dr. Angell, president of the University of Michigan, his subject being "State Universities." Over 1,000 people were present at the graduating exercises. The class of '94 number sixty-nine, the largest graduating class in the history of the institution.

Poison in the Coffee.

DANVILLE, Ills., June 8.—Mrs. Sophia Dwellinger, wife of a prominent farmer of the vicinity of Foster, died from drinking coffee supposed to have been poisoned. The neighbors who came in to assist in laying out the remains drank of the coffee and were almost immediately attacked with a deathly sickness and vomiting. Some of them may die.

Joliet Votes "Dry."

JOLIET, Ill., June 7.—If the vote of the city council is not reconsidered, this city will go "dry" for the next year. By a vote of 7 to 6 the aldermen decided that no saloon license shall be issued for the next twelve months.

Fired a Shot at a Train.

TOLUCA, Ills., June 11.—Just before the Santa Fe passenger train No. 5 arrived at Streator some one fired a shot at the train. The ball went through a window in the smoker and missed the newsboy only a few inches.

Four Men Drowned Near Cairo.

CAIRO, Ills., June 7.—Four colored men, James Wheeler, Ed Green, James Holmes and Ed Skaggs, were drowned at Birds Point, Mo., while crossing the river in a skiff.

William Walter Phelps is reported better.

BURNING BRIDGES IN OHIO.

Railway Structures Over Rivers Nearly Destroyed by Strikers.

CANTON, O., June 11.—An attempt was made to blow up the Cleveland, Canton and Southern railroad bridge over the Tuscarawas river at Navarre. A terrific explosion occurred and soon after railway employes discovered that the bridge was on fire. The flames were extinguished and it is believed that the bridge has not been seriously damaged. Much coal has been hauled over this road of late from southern Ohio and it is supposed strikers attempted to blow up the bridge in order to prevent traffic.

Bloody Battle in the Coke Regions.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 11.—The bloody and riotous scenes of a few weeks ago are being repeated throughout the coke region and terror reigns on every hand. A fierce battle occurred between deputies and strikers at the Lemont mines of the McClure Coke company, located three miles north of here, in which one man was shot dead and three others were fatally injured, two of whom have died since and another will die within the next twenty-four hours. All are Slavs and strikers from the Lemont plant, where the conflict occurred.

Strikers Hold Up a Coal Train.

MIDVALE, O., June 11.—Shortly before noon a crowd of from three to four hundred striking miners held up a northbound coal train on the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling road at this place. The conductor, engineer and brakemen of the train were told they would be given five minutes to sidetrack the coal and leave. The miners were armed and in an ugly mood. The crew did not stop to argue the question with the strikers, but pulled the coal train in on a siding, uncoupled the engine and went back down the road.

Situation in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, June 11.—Governor McCorkle is evidently perplexed at the condition of affairs at Boggs' Run. He receives telegrams at one time stating that the trouble is over at a place, and in a short time another telegram that it has broken out again. The fact is that the strikers on being baffled at one point assemble at another and stop trains. The governor says that this shall not continue if it takes the whole military force of the state to stop it. He thinks something more than a "show" of force is needed.

Strikers Fire Another Bridge.

CLEVELAND, June 11.—The striking miners along the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling railroad set fire to a wooden bridge at Midvale. The structure was saturated with coal oil and was burning fiercely when discovered by the railroad people. The flames were finally subdued, but not until the bridge had been partly destroyed.

MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

One Town Wiped Out of Existence and Other Damage Done.

DETROIT, June 11.—A special to The Free Press from Marquette says: Destructive forest fires are raging in the neighborhood of Nestoria, fifty miles west of here. Two bridges on the South Shore road, near here, were burned, stopping traffic to Duluth, and a hard fight was necessary to protect the company's property at Nestoria. The burning district covers an area of a mile wide, and five miles long, and the destruction to timber must be enormous. Similar big fires extend southward at intervals for many miles. Sagola, a small lumbering village of 400 inhabitants, was completely wiped out.

A special from Saginaw says: The woods are afire in all directions. In Sidnaw five buildings, including the Sidnaw and Ryan hotels, were burned. Loss, $10,000. A special from Rockland says: At Rubicon, Ontonagon county, a store and five dwelling were burned, including the telegraph office. Specials from Marquette and Iron Mountain state that the forest fires in the northern peninsula are now less alarming in character.

Renominated Judge McGregor.

BRAZIL, June 11.—The Democratic judicial convention was held in this city for the purpose of nominating a judge and prosecuting attorney for Clay and Putnam counties. The convention was very large. Judge S. M. McGregor, of this city, was renominated on the first ballot. John H. James, of Greencastle, having no opponent, was nominated for prosecuting attorney by acclamation.

Prohibitionists of Ohio.

COLUMBUS, June 8.—The Prohibitionist state convention nominated the following ticket: Secretary of state, Mark G. McCaslin of Kent, Portage county; judge of supreme court, J. W. Roseborough of Elmira, Fulton county; state school commissioner, Professor F. V. Irish of Columbus; member board of public works, H. T. Earles of Ironton, Lawrence county.

Salaries of Railway Clerks.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The senate has passed a bill fixing the salaries of railway postal clerks. It provides that they shall be divided into seven classes. The salaries for each class shall not exceed the following amounts annually: First class, $800; second class, $1,000; third class, $1,200; fourth class, $1,300; fifth class, $1,500; sixth class, $1,600; seventh class, $1,800.

Kissed Her and Cut Her Throat.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 11.—At Delano, Alfred Johnson, a Swede laborer, slashed his wife in the throat twice with a razor and then cut his own throat, dying in half an hour. She was sitting in a chair when Johnson stooped to kiss her and made the slash, not inflicting a fatal wound.

Cadets of Temperance.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 11.—The national section of the Cadets of Temperance are holding their annual convention in the Baptist church at Hoboken. Delegates from all parts of the United States are present.

Mrs. Cleveland at Buzzards Bay.

BUZZARDS BAY, Mass., June 8.—Commodore Benedict's steam yacht, with Mrs. Cleveland, Ruth, Esther and the nurse, and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and Miss Benedict aboard has arrived here.

Meyer Sentenced for Life.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer has been sentenced by Recorder Smythe to imprisonment in Sing Sing prison for life. Dr. Meyer was convicted of poisoning Ludwig Brandt.

Signed the Bridge Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The president has signed the New York and New Jersey bridge bill.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Clinton Pearce, aged 20, was placed in jail at Marshall, Ills., on a charge of assaulting Nellie, the 9-year-old daughter of Hiram Gard, of Walnut Prairie, ten miles south of that city.

Captain Adolph Freisch of Milwaukee, who proposes to cross the Atlantic in a thirteen-ton schooner, has arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., with his little craft, the Nina.

The provincial legislature of Canada has been dissolved and nomination day set for June 23.

Frank Baird and Ora Bean, counterfeiters, were sentenced to terms in the Iowa penitentiary by Judge Woolson at Des Moines.

Charles W. Wells, a young attorney of Sigourney, Ia., formerly of Delaware, O., was drowned in Lake Erie between Kelly's island and Lakeside.

Patrick Sullivan of Cheboygan, Mich., who was knighted by the King of Sweden for his book on turnips as a universal article of food, has just patented a bicycle made of cork husk pulp.

San Francisco's Midwinter fair will probably close July 4.

Napoleon Barney of Detroit, fireman on the tug Lorman, jumped overboard in Lake Huron and was drowned.

* * *

The annual convention of the United States Brewers' association opened at Syracuse, N. Y.

M. E. Cornell of Yorkville has been nominated for congress by the Prohibitionists of the Eighth district of Illinois.

J. G. Nugent, who shot his daughter last February, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree at Buffalo, Minn., and was sentenced to state prison for life.

Frank Schroeder, aged 2, accidentally set himself on fire at Lyons, Ia., and was burned to death.

Mrs. Catherine Anderson hanged herself at Hanna, Ind., aged 35.

Nora Keivel and Mary Glynn were so badly burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove at Kansas City that they will die.

Dwight R. Dix, who absconded with $2,200 of the Armour Packing company's money, was sentenced at Ashland, Wis., to three years in prison.

Charles W. Pike, a commission merchant of San Francisco, failed. Liabilities, $83,000; assets, $93,700, of which $50,000 is in insurance.

Congressman Jerry Simpson, who is now at Berkley Springs, Va., is rapidly improving.

* * *

Peter Jackson adheres to his determination not to fight in the south, in spite of Corbett's acceptance of the Jacksonville club's offer.

John M. Miller was nominated for judge and George W. Young for prosecutor by the Republican judicial convention at Rushville, Ind.

The Marquis of Lorne, tired of politics and poetry, is turning his attention just now to the designing of wall paper.

Lieutenant Governor Sheehan of New York is going to follow Croker's example and announces that after next December he will retire from politics to private life.

The Arkansas Republican state convention will be held in Little Rock, July 24.

A Rock Island train was ditched at Round Pond, O. T., because the railway company refuses to stop its trains at that point. The train crew were made prisoners.

Otis Haskins, living near Pittsfield, Ills., was fleeced out of $5,000 by two strangers who wanted to buy his farm.

* * *

Charles W. Hinchu, a well known business man of Philadelphia, Ills., has been adjudged insane.

Hamburg police have arrested a well known merchant and a lithographer upon the charge of having been engaged in extensive forgeries of English and American notes.

Limerick corporation has decided by a unanimous vote to confer the freedom of city upon Lady Aberdeen.

Bay City Second National bank offered a reward of $300 for the arrest of Bookkeeper McCloy, who is said to be $6,343 short.

Judge Winters at Indianapolis declared a 10 per cent. dividend in the Iron Hall receivership.

The health of Miss Florence Nightingale has been failing since the death of her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, with whom she made her home.

The grand lodge of North Dakota I. O. O. F., exonerated the Fargo lodge of the charge of misappropriating contributions sent to the local lodge after the big fire of June 7.

* * *

The twin daughters of the late General "Phil" Sheridan are pupils at Eton hall, the Catholic convent school at Torresdale, near Philadelphia.

The Nashville American calls for the organization of a state bank in the south to test the constitutionality of the bank tax law.

Official reports from Admiral Walker, touching Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, are highly encouraging, showing that instead of the formidable coral reef which was supposed to obstruct the entrance the bar is made up entirely of sand that can be dredged away quickly and cheaply.

S. Y. McNair, formerly auditor of the Interstate Commerce Railway association, has been appointed auditor of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus.

The Rev. A. Truax of Courtland, Ont., has been deposed from the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church for heresy.

Life Was a Burden

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also on account of gall stones. After eating I would be in great distress. I became so reduced in flesh that my friends thought I would not live long. I grew worse and my removal to a hospital in Syracuse was under advisement, when my father had me give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. There was an improvement at once and I have continued taking it, until I am now well. I have gained in flesh and can eat

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

heartily without distress. I now enjoy life and I owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. MARY SEUTE, Canonovia, N. Y.

Hood's Pills assist digestion and cure headache. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

MR. WATKINS' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MY DEAR HENRY—After the disappearance of Edward and after all our renewed searchings and explorations had come to nothing, I argued with myself in the following manner: Wherever the brothers are they are doubtless together and have been spirited away and concealed by the same person and in the same way. From his place of concealment John Freeman was able to send out messenger pigeons with tokens attached. These tokens, though they proved that he was alive, gave us no inkling as to his place of concealment or abode. He may have sent out others to which are attached definite written information. He could have written with blood characters on a strip torn from his handkerchief and by some device protected the characters from the weather. Now that the two brothers are together, the chances are doubled that they have sent out some pigeon so equipped. At once I wrote off to my two nephews, Harry and Joseph Battersby, whom you met here last summer, to come at once to me, bringing their guns with them. I had now determined to shoot every cave pigeon in this neighborhood, and I knew my nephews, being boys, and accustomed to stealing upon and shooting from behind hedges curlews, starlings, cave pigeons and such like, would do far more execution than I could. Having posted the letter, I went forth instanter and also distributed small shot to my four men at this barrack, bidding them be off and shoot as many cave pigeons as they could that day. I recalled their privileges the same evening, for they only succeeded in frightening the birds and making them very shy. They did not bring home a single pigeon, though they were firing about the country all day. I myself, though I kept stealing and dodging behind fences and furze brakes from 10 o'clock to dusk, only shot three. They bore no token of any kind. I knew that with the arrival of Harry and Joseph there would be a different tale to tell. So there was. Every day for a week they brought in from five to twelve pigeons, till pigeons began to be a very rara avis in our country, for those that were not killed were frightened away. The boys knew my purpose. One day about nine days after their arrival Harry came rushing into my office, shouting and exclaiming and holding a pigeon in his hand round whose leg

Harry came rushing into my office holding a pigeon in his hand.

something was tightly wrapped. I saw it was linen laced with cord very tight along the shank between the bird's claw and its knee. My hands so trembled with excitement that I cut myself, and badly, before I cut that cord. When I unwound the linen and laid it out upon the table, I found upon it various stains of red. This linen had certainly been written upon originally, but the rain had penetrated, and melting the red ink, blood no doubt, had converted the characters into mere blotches and stains. They were quite illegible. I sent the boys away and remained alone for a long time, studying the red daubs and splashes—you can imagine in what a state of mind. This rag of linen held the secret which I verily believe I would have given all my worldly goods to master. I turned it this way and that, for there was nothing to indicate which side should be held uppermost. Then at last it seemed to me that in one place I saw a w, after which a mere blotch of red color representing apparently the rest of a word and at the end of it another w. I called my wife to my assistance. She was sure of the first w, but not of the second. Curiously enough, both the boys were sure of the second, but not of the first. I was sure of both myself. As you know, I am always sure of everything that jumps with my expectations and hopes. You are a phlegmatic fellow yourself, Harry, a man of sheer intellect, but I think that even you, if you had been through these Freeman experiences, lasting now for more than five months, with the eyes of the whole country upon you, you might have been perhaps as much excited as I was this evening. I ran to the shelf for my Webster's dictionary. Do you remember how, when we were sitting here together last summer after dinner smoking and thinking of nothing, a little girl appeared at the door and said:

"Mrs. Homan's compliments, sir, and would you lend her the loan of your dictionary, for she's writing a letter?"

And how you replied:

"Mr. Watkins' compliments to Mrs. Homan, and tell her that he has not read it himself yet."

Well, it was the same dictionary and a great deal of trouble I had to get it out of Mrs. Homan's clutches.

I turned to the letter w and ran my eye down all the words beginning with that letter in quest of those which ended with the same. Willow would suit; so would window. There were others such as wallow, etc., but I rejected them. I rang for my orderly and had him make inquiries among the people and learn whether there was any place in this neighborhood called by a name in which willow or window occurred. Now, I had not the least reason for supposing that even if my assumption were correct the word which began and ended with a w was the name of a place. It might be a verb. It might be anything, but nevertheless I at once jumped to the conclusion that it was the name of the place where I was to find the brothers.

I had hardly uttered my directions when both my nephews cried out at once:

"Why, Uncle Sam, there's Curry's Window." And Harry, who takes more liberties with me than the other, gave me to understand that we were all duffers not to have searched Curry's Window before.

As I had not the least notion of what Curry's Window was, they proceeded to enlighten me. Curry's Window, they said, was a little black square hole high up in the face of the smooth sheer cliff which extended from Dhu-Corrig to my coos. In short, Curry's Window was the hole out of which the piast in Crohoor-beg's story had appeared when she devoured the two fishermen.

This was a curious coincidence, and indeed, as Harry suggested, it was a singular thing that we should have explored the caves in distant islands, yet not have explored this cavity which was near Dhu-Corrig. But then how could the boys have got thither, for there is no climbing on that cliff, which starts sheer out of the sea and is accessible neither by land nor water? I brooded over this all the night, and the more I thought about it the more absurd did it seem that the brothers should be immured there. It was just possible of course that the brothers, having fallen into the sea, might have been sucked under by a current and whirled into some cavern of which Curry's Window was another aperture. The theory was just imaginable, but no more. However, as we had tried to work out so many absurd theories, I thought I might as well work out this absurd theory, too, as do nothing.

Accordingly I laid my plans that night, and next day had one of my men lowered from the top of the cliff by a rope. In order to signal to those who held the rope I went out in a boat rowed by the coast guards, who have been extremely helpful to me in all this business. Lieutenant Crumps indeed, that steadiest of churchgoers, who never once to my knowledge has missed even the Wednesday evening service, has taken the matter very coolly. Whenever I refer to the disappearance of the boys or the affliction of the Freeman family, he says in a formal manner, as if he were answering the responses, "It is indeed a thousand pities." I blazed out on him on the last occasion, which had the effect of waking him up a little. However, I need not complain, for, though not actively helpful, he lets me direct the movements of his people, who are extremely sympathetic and active in the matter.

From the water then I signaled to the men, who on the edge of the cliff lowered the explorer to Curry's Window, motioning them to the right or to the left, so as to drop their man exactly to the correct point. He was the most active and intelligent of my subconstables and went down provided with the means of striking a light and exploring the cavity. We saw him stand in the aperture and signal to us that he should be again lowered. This we did, and he descended into the interior, where he remained for more than an hour. However, to make a long story short, my subconstable reported to me in the evening that Curry's Window was the small opening of an enormous underground hollow with three huge galleries branching off from a vast central space, where was a pool. He explored the whole place, shouting as he went and brandishing his torch. His description of the vast cavern was so interesting that my nephews were very anxious to make the descent themselves, and I promised that next summer when you are with me we should make a party and go down with torches, but said that I was in no mood at present for agreeable explorations.

I am now again alone in my office, writing this while all the world is wrapped in slumber. Here nightly I sit cogitating and reflecting like some stupid old owl in his barn perch, thinking and thinking till my mind becomes a perfect blank. I would consider myself a sheer fool but for the fact that we had a very sharp Dublin detective down here for a fortnight, who, after having sent us on several wild goose chases, went away at last declaring that we were all mad. What report he sent in to the office I don't know, but he and my men had words before parting, and they gave him plainly to understand that they regarded him as no better than a pretentious ass or "bosthoon." I fancy his report is that John Freeman certainly ran away. That no one who lives here believes.

CHAPTER X.

CONTINUATION OF MR. WATKINS' NARRATIVE.

So you will see that we suffered a very sore disappointment. We seemed on the verge of solution of this mystery, and now we were as far away from it as ever. This I may observe was the sixty-fourth pigeon shot. For two days the boys had shot none. The pigeons were virtually exterminated or banished, and I had deprived the brothers Freeman of what was apparently their sole means of communicating with the world out of their mysterious prison, and that was not a pleasant reflection to me—that is to say, I and my nephews, for in the meantime Joseph had come in, empty handed, as usual of late, and sat there dumb and stupid for a long time. At last Harry said: "It is no use, uncle, going after these pigeons for a good while now. We must give them time to come back. Lend us your rifle; I'd like to have a shot at a seal. There are three or four of them always moving about between your cove and Dhu-Corrig. I used to see an odd one there last summer, but there seems to be quite a colony of them there now."

"All right, lads," I said. "Take the rifle. You will find the boat in the coos. She's small, remember, and easily capsized, so take care of yourselves."

I was anxious now to be by myself in order to meditate and recover from the state of excitement into which I had been thrown by the events of the day. The fact was that my mind, now for so many months absorbed by and concentrated upon this extraordinary, increasing and expanding mystery, was beginning to be somewhat unhinged. I thought of the lost lads all day and dreamed of them perhaps all night, for certainly I never awoke without being conscious that I had been dreaming about them. I am haunted, too, by poor Mrs. Freeman's wan, sorrow stricken face. Mr. Freeman, when last I saw him, was bowed in the shoulders, he who used to be as straight as a drilled soldier, and his look was that of an aged man. I, as head of the police of this district, have of course been blamed for not doing more, though I confess no word of censure has reached my ears. But, to resume, I now come to something that will startle and amaze even your philosophical soul.

The boys returned that evening in the dusk. They had seen several seals and had got a shot at one, but without doing any execution. I was rather surprised at the number of seals seen by the boys, for, though seals are not uncommon on this coast, such a number as my nephews had seen in the same place was something quite unusual. As we sat at the tea table, while the boys were talking in an animated manner about the events of the afternoon, and while I could hardly for a single instant keep my thoughts off the lost brothers, I heard Harry say to my wife, "And there was one seal, Aunt Mary, and every time he came up there was a ball bobbing in the water behind him, and when he went down it disappeared." Instantaneously the thought sprang into my mind, "Could it be that John Freeman, or John and Edward, were signaling to us by means of that seal?" The supposition was of course absurd and farfetched. How could they catch a seal in the first instance? Nevertheless the appearance of a seal swimming about with something attached to it was in itself startling enough.

"I will go out with you in the morning," I said. "That seal we must shoot."

Early next day, though the wind had risen and the sea was rough, my nephews and I took the boat together at the shady cocs and rowed out. Between the coos and Dhu-Corrig we saw some half dozen seals. Several times I had a good opportunity of shooting one of them, but did not shoot. The seal I wanted was not visible. We came home for early dinner and went out again immediately after. The boys, who now knew what I wanted and who were not short-sighted like myself, kept a sharp look-out for the seal of which I was in quest. As we rowed slowly along Joseph said:

"There is a seal lying on the Corrig-a-skame rock. That may be it, for I remember it was a small one. Do you see anything behind him, Harry?"

"No," said Harry, "but it is hard to see anything in the place where he is lying. When he begins to move, we can see the ball better, for it will hop and jump somewhere behind him."

"Row on very slowly, lads," said I.

We were coming from the east, and the seal was lying on the rock with his head to the west. The wind, too, was blowing from that direction. Corrig-a-skame was a long black rock covered, literally all over, with little mussels growing as thick as grass. It was invisible at high water, but at low tide stood out pretty well and resembled the back of a small whale. The name means the Rock of the Leap. Some active wight in old times had sprung from the corrig to the cliff or from the cliff to the corrig. It is a common name for such rocks on the west coast. Almost every league of the coast exhibits somewhere a corrig-a-skame or a rock called after somebody's leap—Lem-con or Lem-cathal, etc.

I had the boys wrap their handkerchiefs round the leather of the oars to deaden the sound of the rowing and went to the bow with my rifle. The boys, sitting sternward of their oars so as to keep their eyes on the seal, rowed gently forward.

"I am sure it is the same," whispered Harry, who was just behind me, "and I think I see the ball too. Yes, it is," he added, "and I see the ball. Fire at him now, uncle."

While I was trying to get a steady aim, which was difficult, owing to the rocking of the boat, the creature suddenly turned its head, saw us and commenced bounding and flopping forward along the length of the rock, while behind it as it moved swiftly along a round ball jumped too. I fired and missed. The creature sent forth a loud mewing sort of cry and splashed into the water on the farther side.

"It has left the ball behind," cried the two boys both together, in great excitement.

This was true, the ball having been caught in some cleft so that the string which connected it with the animal had broken. None of us saw exactly how it happened, but the creature was gone, and the ball remained behind. I could not see it now myself, as it was no longer in motion, but the boys did. We rowed up to the rock, but the surf all around it was so great that we could not land. The wind was steadily rising and the sea beginning to run unpleasantly high. My boat, too, was small and light, not intended to stand rough weather. The tide, however, was flowing, and in a short time I knew that some wave would sweep the ball off the rock. We kept the boat's head to the wind for about three-quarters of an hour, and at last had the pleasure of seeing one large wave carry the ball clear back off the rock. A little later the ball had disengaged itself from the surf. You can imagine with what a thrill of delight I took this waif into my hands. Though there was little rational ground for such a belief, I felt an assurance amounting to conviction that I had in my hands the explanation of the mysterious tragedy. The ball was a small bladder, apparently a sheep's bladder, and was very tightly fastened at the mouth with whipcord or strong fishing line. When the boys looked to see me open it, I did nothing of the kind. I had the boys row, went myself to the tiller and turned the boat's head home. I had staid in the vicinity of Corrig-a-skame too long, and I knew it. I knew that good steering and good luck, too, were now required in order to enable us to make my coos. I did not open the bladder, partly because I did not desire to remain in this jeopardy a moment longer than was necessary, and partly because I wished, in the event of an accident befalling us, that the unopened bladder with its contents should still be left swimming. The situation indeed was momentarily becoming more serious. The wind increased to a gale, and the huge waves lifted the little boat and propelled her forward like a chip. I feared to bring her broadside to the wind and waves. Yet that was necessary in order to get into the shady coos. So I steered past it and let her drive forward to the Basin, a mile farther on, the entrance to which was wide and did not offer such a sharp angle to be turned as did my own little cove. However, not to be tedious when I have so many infinitely more important things to relate, we made the Basin in safety and drew up our boat on the coast guards' slip. Bidding the boys say nothing to any one about our waif, we three started for home. The bladder was in my top coat pocket, and I kept my hand upon it during the walk. I was in a fever of excitement and expectation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Racing For Life In a Mine.

David M. Griffith, a miner, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death while at work in the Franklin mine, but the accident fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than a broken leg and a terrible fright.

Griffith was at work on a slope when pieces of coal weighing about 1,500 pounds became detached above him and started down the slope toward Griffith, whose only escape lay in running down the slope ahead of the lump of coal. It soon became a race for life, with the coal increasing its speed at every bound and adding to the terrors of the flying Griffith. Half way down the slope the speed at which Griffith was going extinguished the lamp in his hat and left him in the dark.

He continued his flight, in which lay his only safety, and after running for what seemed an age he stumbled on one of the side beams and fell, expecting to be instantly crushed to death. The coal came on, and by a miracle was checked by the timber, but in jamming caught one of poor Griffith's legs against the timber, breaking the bone in two places. Help soon came down to the man, and he was carried out and cared for. Griffith says it was the narrowest escape from death he ever had.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

His I's.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly elected president, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus:

"Pardon me, general, I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the east, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write with a capital 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a great man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic president of the United States, I abase myself, I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little snipe as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."—Exchange.

Henry Bradford was drowned while bathing at Huntington, Ind.

Leo Cisne, aged 16, of Cisne, Ills., was accidentally shot, probably fatally, by Benjamin Allen.

Jerry Willett of Chebanse, Ills., was drowned at Kankakee.

Notices have been posted in the Cambria Iron works, Johnstown, Pa., that one-half of the employes would be suspended indefinitely because of a shortage of coke.

The 3-year-old daughter of Charles Ludlke of Seneca, Ill's., was run over by a wagon and killed

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese gentleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining, each individual hair being attached to a flexible fabric. The advantages claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skin. All kinds of fur can be thus transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp. It is obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downward, in contact with the an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfectly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being utilized for leather.

The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material, by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufacture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the hairs to the cement on which they were first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only cemented to the flexible fabric in lieu of the original skin.

The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is obtained.—New York Advertiser.

The Indian Canoe.

What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple. Yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously. We were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water.—Outing.

It Was All Right.

Fashionable New York restaurants would drive a Bowery proprietor to suicide with their apparently lax and reckless business methods. It is the desire of well known resorts to save their patrons from all annoyances and embarrassments. An absentminded man, shortly after he became engaged to be married, invited his fiancee, her married sister and a party to the theater and afterward to supper. He ordered an extremely good supper and was feeling rather proud of the result when it occurred to him that he might have come away from his home without any money. A hurried examination showed that this was just what he had done. Now, no man likes to play the fool before the woman who has recently promised to marry him, and this man immediately felt "panicky." He left the room in a "rattled" condition to make a clean breast of the affair to the cashier. When he reached the desk, the cashier said to him before he could give a word of explanation: "Now, I know just what you are going to say. You have forgotten your pocketbook. Don't think about it for a second. It is all right." The absentminded man went back to his guests with a suddenly improved appetite for supper.—New York Tribune.

Married Life In India.

An educated Hindoo gentleman, a graduate from one of the universities, said to an English friend: "Your government did not know what it was doing when it abolished the burning of wives on their husband's funeral pyre. The fact is, we were obliged to introduce that measure to prevent our wives from poisoning us." This is a beautiful side light on the condition of things in India, and it is a sword that cuts both ways, for it not only reveals the cunning of bad men for their own safety, but shows the sort of husbands they must be whom wives would poison if the penalty were not to be burnt alive!—Boston Woman's Journal.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

How Johann Heinrich Schulze Came to Make a Sun Print.

The first photographer, Johann Heinrich Schulze—often spelled Schultze—was a professor of medicine in the University of Halle, and he wrote a great number of medical works, most of which are in the British museum library. He was born at Coblitz, in the duchy of Magdeburg, May 12, 1687. When at school, and before he was 10 years of age, Corvinus, the priest of his native hamlet, was struck with his ability. Indeed one day he found him in the garden studying a Greek Testament. His father was a poor tailor at Colbitz. In 1697 young Schulze was sent to the Royal Pædagogium at the University of Halle to continue his education.

In 1701 he began the study of oriental languages, and in 1704 he was admitted into the University of Halle as a student of medicine. He was trained by Professors Stahl, Richter and Eckebrecht. He at the same time gave some attention to antiquarian research and to rabbinic lore. In 1708 he accepted an appointment as teacher in the school of the university, and worked in it for seven years, at the same time carrying on the study of several eastern dead languages. He then attracted the attention of Frederick Hoffman, the Boerhaave of Germany, who engaged him to aid him in his literary and medical work. He made so much progress that in two years he took the degree of doctor of medicine and shortly afterward began to obtain public reputation because of his medical writings. After his marriage in 1720 to a relative of Corvinus he was appointed professor of anatomy at the University of Altdorf.

In 1729 he was appointed professor of Greek, and later on that of Arabic. The Prussian government in 1732 appointed him professor of elocution and antiquities at the University of Halle. In 1738 he was nominated a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg as successor to Bayer, and in 1737 he was professor of theology at Halle. He died Oct. 10, 1744. Schulze was the first to print an image of an object by the agency of light. In 1727 he poured nitrate of silver upon chalk, proving that its darkening in sunlight was due to light and not to heat. Then he printed upon the deposit the image of a piece of string tied round the containing glass. This was the first photograph ever taken in the world. Next he pasted printed matter round the glasses containing the deposits and photographed words and sentences.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Image Peddler.

You know these Italian peddle boys who go about with a tray load of plaster images on their heads? They are bigger robbers than the trusts. They make up a lot of the images in the dark, and next morning they name them.

One of the peddlers went into a grocery on Van Buren street on a stormy quiet day and begged with the customary pitiful eyes and guileful heart for a buyer. He was so persistent, he assured his hearers so emphatically that all the images were imported, he moaned so perfectly over their ruinously low prices, that the young woman who has charge of the pickle department asked him what he would take for a bust of Shakespeare. He said, "Two dollar."

"Who's this?" asked the fair patron.

"Bacon," said the boy.

"How much for him?"

"Three dollar."

"I'll give you 25 cents for the two," said the girl.

"All right," said the boy calmly, and quickly setting the twain upon the counter.

But she was game. She bought them, solemnly declaring with beautiful heroism they were perfect likenesses, wrapped them tenderly in tissue paper and started home with them in the evening.

But the butcher boy from the Dearborn street side of the store said next morning he had followed her part way home, and he vowed he saw her smash them against a fire plug at Third avenue and skip along without once glancing at the pieces.—San Francisco Post.

Bits of Wedding Tradition.

Knives formerly formed part of the accouterments of a bride. This is easily accounted for by the fact that anciently it formed part of the dress for women to wear a knife sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A bride says to her jealous husband in Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631:

See, at my girdle hangs my wedding knives,
With those dispatch me.

The use of bridesmaids at weddings is of remote antiquity. Among the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led to the church by a matron, who was called the bride's woman, and followed by a company of young girls, who were called bridemaids. It was at one time the custom for the bridesmaids to lead the bridegroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride. This is clearly alluded to in the "Collier's Wedding:"

Two lusty lads, well dress'd and strong,
Step'd out to lead the bride along,
And two young maids of equal size
As soon the bridegroom's hands surprise.

The bridegroom's men were anciently called bride knights, which was an appropriate name at the period when they actually fulfilled that office.—Philadelphia Times.

Tides In the Earth.

From observations made at two Prussian stations at Tenerife in 1889, 1890 and 1891, showing slight and continuous changes in position of the plane of the horizon, Dr. von Rebeur Paschwitz has concluded that the relatively rigid surface of the earth is subject to a movement of rise and falling like the ocean movement in the tides. The amplitude of these oscillations is very slight, but the apparatus used made it clearly possible. The direction of the plumb line seems to be subject to a daily disturbance, which is attributed, in conjecture, to solar attraction. A third kind of movement is referred to distant earthquakes.—Science.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Tar and Tartar."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DUBLIN PLAYS FLUNKEY.

The "National" spirit of Dublin must be something fearful and wonderful, when its people cheer a regiment of Redcoats on their departure from that city to the Curragh of Kildare, where they went into training for the purpose of learning to kill more readily such Irish as may be occasionally tempted to defend their hearths and homes against evicting landlords. The regiment so favored is called "The Royal Munster Fusiliers." We suppose they are the lineal descendants of the bloody North Cork Militia, made up of Orangemen, who were exterminated by Father John Murphy and his glorious pikemen at Oulart Hill, county Wexford, on Whit Sunday, 1798.

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill,
But let them weep for Wexford
And think of Oulart Hill;
'Twas drink that still betrayed us,
Of them we had no fear,
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shilmalier!

But it is in the news columns of the *Irish Independent*, of May 26, we find the following, which makes our blood tingle with shame and sorrow for our degraded kindred in the discrowned capital of Ireland:

"The arms and appointments of the corps, which numbered 800, were spotless. When the battalion paraded, Col. Johnson, addressing them, said: 'Fusiliers, you are about to leave the barracks in which you have been quartered for two years to take up quarters in the camp of exercise. You have conducted yourselves in this garrison like good and orderly soldiers. The generals commanding have said it, the public have said it, the newspapers have said it. I am proud of you, men of the Fusiliers, and I trust that in our new station you will maintain the high character you have earned. I am proud to know that there is not this morning a single absentee, and I feel that when we depart the citizens of Dublin will remember you with the respect they have entertained for you.' Eight hundred busbies were waved in the air, and a mighty cheer went up from the square, and was taken up by the people outside the barrack wall. The bands then assumed their positions, and the last order to the Munster Fusiliers on the square of Wellington Barracks was given by Colonel Johnston and the company officers, 'Fours, right, quick march!' The band of the police immediately struck up 'Molly Darling,' to which the men stepped with a sturdy swing. As they left the parade ground they cheered repeatedly, and the cheers were multiplied by the echoes from the buildings and the barrack yards. As the head of the column emerged from the main gate, where the sentries presented arms at the guardroom, the crowd began to close in, and in a few minutes the cheering multitude of soldiers and civilians were marching along the Circular road. At every point there were knots of spectators, who, with the people who filled most of the windows, cheered, and those in the streets joined in to swell the moving mass. After the police band had stopped playing the Duke of Cornwall's rolled out 'Far Away,' the Gordon Highlanders played 'Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle,' and the drums of the Guards struck up the march 'Second to None' shortly before the railway terminus was reached. The troops marched through the big gate at the west end of the Kingsbridge station, and were halted on the platform. There they stood at ease while the train was being prepared. Few of the civilians were allowed to enter, but the vast body of them remained outside on the road and cheered again."

Shame on the people of Dublin! Shame on the socalled "National" papers that fail to rebuke their disgusting flunkeyism!

Shout, drink, feast and flatter! Oh, Erin,
How low wert thou sunk by misfortune and misery till
This worship of tyrants hath sunk thee below
The depths of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

If this is the spirit "moral force" has engendered among the citizens of Dublin, then, indeed, the iron of slavery has entered their souls, there to rust and corrode. What did the fools and serfs cheer? The uniform that has, for centuries, symbolized their degradation, and that is dyed in the blood of their fathers? Surely this cannot be the Dublin of 1867, and of later times—the Dublin that merched on Tallaght and that stood by Parnell?

Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Her soul till, from itself, it fell:
For self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway!

THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

The Cook county Democrats have made up their ticket for the Fall campaign, and nominated it as follows:

Sheriff—Frank S. Peabody, Anglo-American.
County-Treasurer—Theodore Oehne, German-American.
County Clerk—Roger C. Sullivan, Irish-American.
Probate Clerk—James J. Gray, Cosmopolite.
Criminal Court Clerk—John C. Schubert, German-American.
County Superintendent of Schools—Charles F. Babcock, Anglo-American.
County Judge—Frank Scales, All-Around American.
County Commissioners—South Town, Albert Ackerman, Anton Martin, Alex. C. McNeill. North Side, Frank Agnew, Felix Lange. West Side, George Edmanson, James A. O'Connell, Joseph T. Koestner, Peter Kiolbassa, Otto Hulsman.
Country Towns—J. A. Burlingame, M. S. Agnew, John Alles, A. Kistenbroker, Frank Wentworth.
President of the County Board—George Edmanson.

Of the commissioners, Edmanson, Frank Agnew, O'Connell and Kiolbassa are the best known. Mr. Edmanson is the only Democratic member of the present county board. Mr. Agnew served as sheriff of this county from 1874 to 1876, and is widely known socially, politically and in business. Major Peter Kiolbassa, is ex-city treasurer, and a recognized leader among the Polish-American element.

Of the leading candidates, Mr. Peabody is an extensive coal dealer. Mr. Oehne is president and treasurer of the Conrad Seipp Brewing Company, "fair, fat and forty," and known throughout the city and county as a self-made and thoroughly successful man of affairs. Roger Sullivan is probate clerk, and was deputy collector of internal revenue. Mr. Schubert is clerk of the criminal court and past-chief-ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. Babcock is principal of the Holden School and was once before a candidate for county superintendent of schools, but was defeated by Orville Bright. Judge Scales is one of the best known jurists in the State, and has enjoyed a most generous roasting by the Republican press of late. The probate judgeship was referred to the central executive committee.

The above ticket is a muscular one—there's no denying it. Nearly all the "elements" of the "body politic" have more or less representation—the Germans and the Irish particularly, although the "aborigines" have no cause to grumble. Now, if the Republicans are wise, they wil recognize the "elements," with equal acuteness and liberality. There must be no shelving of the Irish, the Germans, etcetera, because "we should all be Americans," and other bosh of the kind. All of us *are* Americans, and, because we are, we want all the American privileges that are going. The Irish must have a decent representation on the Republican county ticket this fall, as well as others. We say this to the managers of the coming Republican convention in a spirit of friendliness. It is not wise to be "cock sure" of election unless all the brigades are in line. The Irish element of the Republican party is not unreasonable. It only wants fair representation, and to this, on the American principle of "no taxation without representation," it is entitled.

VIVE LA FRANCE! A BAS PERFIDE ALBION!

Thanks to the God of Battles, France refuses to be placed in the background in Africa by the sneaking policy of that cunning Scot, Rosebery, who now guides the destinies of the British Empire. Of all the nations that ought to go to war with England, France is the foremost. She has many a bitter score to wipe out, rfom Cressy to Waterloo, from London Tower to St. Helena. God speed the day, and hang the Whigs, not forgetting the Tories! Here is what a cablegram from London, under date of June 9, says:

"There is not so much elation in Great Britain this week over Lord Rosebery's African policy. When the premier first announced that the government was prepared to maintain the rights secured by the Anglo-Belgian treaty against all objectors he was applauded to the echo. His remarks were construed as a defiance to France, and the nation responded to his courageous attitude. Anything looking to an assertion of or defense of 'British interests' always pleases the popular ear. Rosebery was the hero of the hour, and the country was ready to follow his lead to any extremity. But the situation has changed within the last few days. France refused to be cowed by British bluster. The new ministry, catching the drift of national sentiment and carried forward by sturdy antipathy to English pretensions, took a determined stand. They did not waste much time in parleying. After serving notice on Great Britain that the treaty was contrary to the spirit of international conventions, and therefore null and void, they dispatched troops to uphold the interests of France in the disputed territory. A more popular move was never made by any French government. It has strengthened the Dupuy ministry, and if presented with vigor will checkmate the selfish policy of England in darkest Africa. The British government, of course makes the best of this new turn of affairs. Rosebery and his cabinet appear as resolute as ever, and prominent members of the Liberal party declare that there will be no backdown. A certain portion of the press is also preaching resistance to French presumption and arrogance. But the great middle-class, whose mind is reflected by the provincial newspapers, is averse to any hostile demonstration and disposed to think that the importance of the newly acquired territory has been greatly exaggerated. The Rosebery government professes to be thoroughly at ease, but further developments are awaited with no small anxiety in the kingdom."

Oh, the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht—
Sure the French are on the say—
Says the Shan Van Vocht!
The French are in the Bay,
They'll land without delay,
And the red Rose will decay
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

* * * * * *

And shall Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Shall old Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht!
Yes, Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea,
And, hurrah for liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

THE SCOTCH-IRISH CONCLAVE.

The Scotch-Irish, with that mule-like obstinacy which their self-given title symbolizes, have been holding another annual convention, this time at Des Moines, Ia. As America is a free country, a man is not alone at liberty to call himself a Scotch-Irishman, if he thinks the term fits him, but also a horse-donkey, or horse-jackass, or—anything else in the same line. These people, seriously, ought to call themselves Scotch Yankees and be done with it. The pure-blooded, clean-timbered Irish race proper has no need of these 'alf-an'-'alf mongrels, who, for the most part, are of the same kidney as Calhoun, the nullifier and secessionist, and Gen. Ross, who burned down the city of Washington, at the head of the British invaders, in 1814. Richard Montgomery called himself an Irishman, pure and simple, and both Montgomery and Andrew Jackson would have laughed scornfully at the fools who would dare to describe them as being of "Scotch-Irish" descent. Yet they claim "Old Hickory," as well as Presidents Polk, Buchanan and Arthur. We don't know how the two first named celebrities felt about the designation, but we ourselves have heard the late President Arthur say to a delegation of Congressmen who waited upon him at the White House relative to the O'Donnell case, that he was the descendant of Irish, not Scotch-Irish, progenitors. And, indeed, in build, in feature and in bearing, that model chief magistrate showed the pure Celtic blood that coursed in his veins.

The proceedings at DesMoines were not of an aggressively offensive character. Most of the speakers seemed proud of the generic term Celt, and the Rev. J. O. Stevenson, who spoke on "Celtic Christianity" seemed particularly so. He argued, among other things, that the cradle of the Scottish race is Ulster. Then, why not all Ireland? Who, originally, peopled Ulster? Not the Picts, or the Norsemen, or the Saxons. Who, then? Why the Celts of Munster, Connacht and Leinster. From Ireland the Celts went into Scotland and established the Gaelic dynasty, language and customs. Even to this day, the Irish speaking people of Ireland and the natives of the Scottish highlands and Western Isles, can converse together in the ancient tongue like people of the same family. Ireland has impressed its best features on most of Scotland, while Scotland has impressed its worst features, intolerance, vanity and alienism, on a small section of northeastern Ulster. The counties of Antrim and Down, with portions of Derry, Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan and Fermanagh, bear the re-transplanted Scottish characteristics. We do not deny certain virtues to these people. They are shrewd, thrifty and ambitious. A hundred years ago they were the most bitter enemies of England, just as their brethren who emigrated to this country were at the period of the Revolution. Their poets—notably James Orr—glorified the Irishman in beautiful verse. Their best and bravest died for Ireland—William Orr, Henry Joy McCracken, Henry Monroe, Rev. William Jackson and many others. Dr. Drennan, who may be classed among them, wrote the most thrilling of all the songs of the '98 period, beginning "When Erin first rose from the dark, swelling plood." He also wrote the "Wake of William Orr," who was butchered, on perjured testimony, before his own door, and in sight of his wife and children, in 1797. In that fine poem occurs these strong passages:

Hapless nation rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn:
Warfare of six hundred years,
Epochs marked by blood and tears,
Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds!
Hapless nation! hapless land!
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
And by worse—domestic hate!

And, then, how splendidly it sums up Orr's death upon the scaffold—

"Countrymen unite," he cried
And died for what the Savior died!

Oh, the "Scotch-Irish" ought to pause over the history of their murdered, martyred Presbyterian kinsman and, instead of splitting hairs about their descent, like wrangling school boys, also cry out to all Irishmen "Countrymen, unite!"

DISGRACEFUL "ANGLO-SAXON" VANDALAGE.

The vandal spirit is largely abroad in England. No country of Europe, perhaps, possesses finer historical remains than the land of John Bull and Hodge, but no people know less, or care less, about their ancient treasures than the English. Their ideas are mostly monetary and modern. A witty American writer visited England recently and made a partial tour of its historic localities. Among other places he visited Tewkesbury, the scene of one of the bloodiest battles between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. On that field, the Lancastrians were utterly defeated, and Prince Edward, only son and heir of King Henry VI, was made prisoner and murdered by Edward IV and "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence." Filled with romantic ideas, the American asked the clerk of the hotel to point him out the field of battle. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk. After lunch, they walked through the town, and passed over a bridge spanning the river which runs by it. "There, sir," said the clerk, pointing to a small enclosure, not more than half an acre in extent, is where the battle was fought!" "The deuce," cried the Yankee, "why it isn't large enough for a battalion to maneuver in!" "I don't know about that, sir," responded the clerk demurely, "but that's the identical field where Tom Hyer pounded the head off Jim Jones!"

Even the relics of Shakespeare are no longer respected in Stratford on Avon. Only recently, a Press Association correspondent states, one of the church wardens in the immortal bard's native town "sold as old lumber the ancient carved oak and panelled doors of the north porch of the parish church celebrated as the burial place of Shakespeare. The vicar and church wardens knew nothing of the matter until the sale was effected. The doors were erected a century before Shakespeare's time, and recently were temporarily removed to disclose some old carvings and a peculiar holy water stoup in the porch. The doors weigh half a ton, and are in a perfect condition. The church warden thought they might be converted into a little ready money, and it is stated that the purchaser meant to use them in the construction of a pig sty. During their removal, however, inquiries were set on foot, and now the purchaser is being implored to restore the doors, but he naturally wants to make a profit out of the transaction. The inhabitants are most anxious to have the historic doors restored and rehung so that the church may present as near as possible the appearance it did in Shakespeare's lifetime."

Fancy even the poorest and most illiterate of Irish peasants selling the doors of one of their ancient churches to some boor for material out of which to construct a pig-sty! And also fancy him driving a peddler's bargain with the church wardens for the restoration of relics sacred to his imagination! Truly the rural "Anglo-Saxon" is a hog, who thinks more of his kindred swine than of Shakespeare.

FINDING ENGLAND OUT.

England's murderously selfish policy in India, Africa, Central America, Irelaud, or wherever else, on any pretense whatever, she can plant her felon flag, is beginning to be thoroughly understood in America. Notwithstanding the false and densive cry, invented by Anglomaniacal sycophants in this country, of "common blood, common language and common literature," there is deep down in the American national heart a profound distrust and dislike of England. The nationality of America is mostly based on her country people. In great cities like Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia and St. Louis, commerce sways the minds of our citizens to the exclusion, unless in seasons of exceptional excitement, of the active principle of patriotism. Then, again, we have been generally unfortunate in our diplomatic representatives at the court of England; and such Americans of distinction as have visited that country have been too gushing in their expressions of admiration for the alleged "mother country," whose chief title to remembrance in that capacity is that, in the year of grace 1775, she attempted to commit child-murder on her mutinous offspring. It gave us great pleasure to read in the St. Louis *Republic* of last Sunday an expose of England's foreign policy, under the caption of "Christianity and Imperialism," from which we select the following pungent passages:

"At present, England, as its government policy, especially as its imperial policy, illustrates the mind of its people, is more unchristian than any people of Asia. When the Emperor of China was engaged in the eminently Christian work of attempting to redeem his subjects from the destructive vice of opium eating, he was compelled to give up the attempt at the muzzle of English cannon. And it was only last month that a British royal commission, investigating or pretending to investigate the opium traffic in India, concluded that anything which yields so large a revenue to the Government cannot but be salutary to the souls and bodies of the natives. Even a man who is as regular at his prayers as Mr. Gladstone is so thoroughly English that in his last days in Parliament he defended a measure of finance because it operated to enrich England, though he did not deny that the wealth thus gained was extorted by superior knowledge of finance from the labor of the Hindoos.

"The English Government holds these people down with the bayonet and robs them at the bayonet's point. This is done in the name and for the greater glory of her Majesty the Empress of India, and in that same name English Cabinet Ministers provide money to pander to the worst vices of the soldiers whom they use for the purpose of this open and flagrant robbery.

"If England were Christianized until the power of its people were no longer used for the commission of the gravest crimes against the helpless; if the spirit of a Christian civiljzation were made so strong in England that English patriotism would not mean as it does now a sense of obligation to uphold murder, robbery, fraud, licentiousness and all imaginable crimes when committed in the name of the Empire; if the spirit of the Christian religion were made so strong in England that no real patriot representing a weak minority and standing in front of his own door to defend it could have an English bayonet driven through his body as a means of acquiring his land, then there might be some hope of Christianizing the people who now suppose that the cannon and the bayonets of English military power represent Christianity."

ROSSA INTERVIEWED IN IRELAND.

O'Donovan Rossa, as announced in THE CITIZEN of last week, is making a lecture tour in Ireland, under good management. He arrived very quietly in Cork, but since his arrival, has been made the recipient of many kindly attentions by the Irish people. The damphool police were, as usual, thrown into a state of profound excitement over the advent of the famous exile, but, his period of banishment having expired over four years, could do nothing to seriously annoy him, beyond putting a detective or two on his track. These asses have been busy "taking notes" of the men who have dared to be hospitable to Rossa. The government, up to date, has taken no official notice of his presence. The Cork *Echo* recently interviewed Rossa, who expressed himself as follows:

"The twenty years of banishment decreed against me by the government of England having expired, I satisfy the cravings of the spirit during those years to return and tread once more the land that bore me, and look once more into the faces of my people. My Irish nature or my Irish spirit has not changed in exile.

Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Even my Irish 'brogue' has not changed. It is twenty-nine years since Judge Keogh pronounced me dead to this world for life, but I am today the same O'Donovan Rossa that I was that day he sentenced me. British statesmen have told you that the movement for which my comrades and I were transported was the movement that helped them to enact many measures of good for Ireland. I hope they are measures of good, and I hope you feel the benefit of them. But the population of Ireland is decreasing. It is a million less today than it was the day I was taken in chains on shipboard in the harbor of old Dunleary. That was the Christmas Eve of 1865. I thought I was taken to England to be treated decently, but my five years' experience in the prisons of Pentonville, Millbank, Portland, and Chatham satisfied me I was taken there to be treated barbarously.

"The individual Englishman is a fair enough kind of man. I have met him in the foreign land and have become friendly with him; I have in convict life been forced into association with him, and have received kindness from him. But the Englishman who becomes part and parcel of the English machine that runs through Irish government seems to become changed in the organization of his nature; John Morley, as engineer of the train that runs over Ireland, must—no matter haw honest his intentions—take hold of the same throttle-lever as was handled by the Balfours and the Forsters; and so—as I read in the telegrams from Ireland the day I was leaving America—the 'sentences of death,' as Mr. Gladstone calls them, are being executed upon our poor people in the Isles of Arran, Roscommon, and in other parts of the country!

"The politics of my day in Ireland seem to be dead or sleeping; the people of my day are scattered and gone. Through my life, at home and abroad, I have done my best to convince England it would be to her interests to give up to Irishmen the government of Ireland, and to have the two countries become friendly neighbors, and I am very glad to see that many English statesmen are sharing my views in some degree, are promising conciliation and relinquishing coercion. But I am sorry to see so much disunion among my own people. I have no desire to interfere in the quarrels that are going on between the parliamentary parties. They are deplored by Irishmen of both parties in America, just as all Irishmen living in this generation—blind to the motes in their own eyes—deplore the quarrels and the dissensions and divisions that had place among our Irish ancestors of previous generations."

FOUR French war ships sailed for Tangier Tuesday. War with Morocco is considered probable.

LEGISLATING against the cigarette is like legislating against the firecracker. The American small boy is invincible. No law fits him. He is the incarnation of the principles of the Revolution. If he chooses to burn a hole in the roof of bis mouth, or blow off a finger or two in honor of the independence of his country, whose business is it but his own? The small boy believes in individual home rule.

THE Democratic county convention undertook to carry a heavy load on Tuesday, when it indorsed the Wilson bill and Income tax. This may prove a case where God does not fit the back to the burden.

THE sham "Bishop" McNamara is on trial at Liberty, Mo., for gross libels on the clergy and Sisters of Kansas City and other places in Missouri.

CHICAGO has lost another honored citizen in the death of Marcus A. Farwell, which occurred at Waukesha, Wis., whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on Monday. The immediate cause of death was acute pneumonia, but Mr. Farwell had been more or less an invalid during many years. He was born in 1827 and had been a resident of Chicago since 1851. He was not an office-seeker, but held the position of South Town collector for one term.

PREMIER ROSEBERY admits that grave danger of war exists between the leading powers of Europe because of the condition of affairs in Morocco.

THE Hon. John A. Kasson, originally McKasson, of Iowa, who also claims to be a "Scotch-Irishman," delivered an address at the Des Moines Scotch-Irish Convention, dealing with American citizenship, in which he said: "Under the guidance of the purse-holder of the party before election day, the vicious pass the gate of citizenship as easily as the virtuous, the idle pauper as unquestioned as the thrifty workingman, the letterless man fresh from the instincts and habits of a kingly government who knows neither the language nor a single principle of our Constitution, as freely as a Lafayette or a Kossuth. The disorderly rioter and bomb-thrower from the purlieus of London, Paris, or Madrid enters as easily as an upright German, a sober Scandinavian, a religious and laborious Irishman, or a patriotic and intelligent Scotchman." All right, Mr. Kasson, but let us not forget that neither Christopher Columbus, Kosciusko nor Pulaski could speak a word of English when they touched these shores.

ARCHIBALD MCKILLOP, a street-car conductor, was shot and killed by Calvin F. Keatley on Wabash avenue Tuesday morning, because McKillop, it is alleged, wronged the daughter of his slayer.

THE First Regiment returned on Monday from its two days' arduous campaign at Pana. The "boys" say the bullfrogs and mosquitoes are bad down there. No casualties.

MR. EDWARD F. HUGHES, vice president of the Building Trades Council of this city, and long identified with the interests of labor, was instantly killed Wednesday afternoon by an Erie freight train at Sixty-third and Wallace streets. He was attempting to board the train at the time.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, Miss Irene Cooke, Mr. John R. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cooke, Masters John and Charles Cooke, Miss Charlotte Cooke, and Mrs. Joan King, of Chicago, left on last Thursday for their summer home at Lake Geneva, Wis. The trip was made on Mr. John S. Cooke's "Tally-Ho" coach, by way of Sheridan Drive to Highland Park, McHenry, and Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mrs. Arthur Gillespie, mother of Mrs. Timothy J. Sullivan of Austin, and Mrs. Richard Walsh, of Ellis avenue, sailed from New York for Ireland on Wednesday of last week, and will spend several months in her native country, from which she has been absent many years.

Captain William Buckley, No. 3500 Lexington avenue, this city, sailed from New York recently for Europe. He will visit most countries of the continent, and will revisit such of his kindred as still remain in Waterford, Ireland.

If you travel on the Monon you know that it is the best route between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago. Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent.

AMERICAN CELTS.

A Military Writer Gives an Anylitical Sketch of the Irish Element which Inhabited this Country Before and at the Time of the Revolution.

Testimony of Gen. Robertson, Washington Parke Custis and Others in Regard to Their Services.

BY COL. S. C. LINEHAN.

[*New York Irish-American, June 4*].

The number of distinctive Irish names met with in looking over the early records of North Carolina, Virginia, South Carolina and Kentucky is simply wonderful, and when added to them are the names more distinctively Scotch, but fully as Gaelic in origin as the Irish, one is justified in believing what Ramsey wrote in 1798; that "the colonies which now form the United States may be considered as Europe transplanted. Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Poland and Italy furnished the original stock of the present population, and are supposed to have contributed to it in the order in which they are enumerated. For the last seventy or eighty years no nation has contributed so much to the population of America as Ireland."

Ramsey was born in Pennsylvania, of Irish parents. He was a Protestant, and of the same stock as those whose descendants in these latter days call themselves "Scotch Irish" or Scotch; but there is no evidence in any of his works to show that he did not consider himself Irish, as well as those of whom he wrote. He drew a sharp contrast between the Irish and Scotch when he said: "The Irish in America, with few exceptions, were attached to independence. They had fled from oppression in their native country, and could not brook the idea that it should follow them. The Scotch, on the other hand, though they had formerly sacrificed much to liberty in their own land, were generally disposed to support Great Britain."

Ryerson, in his History of the Loyalists, partially confirmed the statement when he wrote that the "Scotch inhabitants and the Highland emigrants, who were numerous in North Carolina, were loyal to Britain." And Tucker's History of the United States, quoted by Ryerson, said that the "Scotch and English merchants were true to the loyal cause."

Moore, in his History of the Plymouth Governors, said: "In one respect, the people of the Old Colony present a remarkable exception to the rest of America. They are the purest English race in the world. There is scarcely an intermixture with the Scotch and the Irish."

And of these people Ryerson wrote: "It was among the sons and daughters of the Plymouth Colony that almost the only loyalty in New England, during the Revolution, was found."

Lecky wrote that the same condition of affairs existed on the other side of the water. The Scotch almost unanimously supported the government; the Irish were a unit against it, while the English people were divided. The feeling in Ireland was well described by Ethan Allen, who said that the people of Cork, when they found he was in the harbor, a prisoner in one of his majesty's vessels, sent him such a plentiful supply of money, food and clothing, that it aroused the ire of Capt. Simonds, his keeper, who put a stop to the contributions, saying: "The damned rebels of America should not be feasted by the damned rebels of Ireland."

De Peyster wrote that "foreigners in a great measure engineered the Revolution," and Leckey said that it was the same class that "bore the chief part in the War of Independence." Now, if the greater part of the English, Scotch and Germans were loyal to Great Britain, it is easy to determine the nationality of the great bulk of the foreigners mentioned; and the names printed in these papers are an index to the race; but if any proof additional was required, Galloway, in his examination, furnishes it. On being asked, "What part of the rebel army enlisted in the service of the Congress, were they composed of natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English, Scotch and Irish? he replied: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America, about one-half Irish; the other fourth were English and Scotch."

Gen. Robertson, who served in America twenty-four years, said before the same committee, under oath: "I remember Gen. Lee telling me that he believed half of the rebel army were from Ireland."

And Washington's adopten son, George Washington Parke Custis, says, in his "Personal Recollections": "Of the operatives in the war—soldiers, I mean—up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished in a ratio of a hundred for one of any other European nation. . . . Tell me of the aid we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence. . . . The rank grass had grown green over the grave of many a poor Irishman who had died for America, ere the flag of the lilies floated in the field by the Star Spangled Banner.

"Then honored be the good old service of the sons of Erin in the war for Independence. Let the shamrocks be intertwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen."

To the Catholics of the United States, Washington said: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government."

Even the first Colonial Congress was quick to acknowledge its obligation to Ireland, in 1774, before Bunker Hill was heard of outside of Boston, when in its address to the people of Ireland it said: "Your parliament had done us no wrong, you had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind; and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. Accept our most grateful acknowledgements for the friendly disposition you have always shown towards us." This is a strong tribute to Ireland, before Sullivan, Hand, Moylan, Barry and thousands of others had won distinction for themselves and their native land.

Bancroft, in his History of the United States, makes mention of the inducements held out by the English government to the Irish for their support, but fails to furnish the proof that there was one organization of that nationality that responded.

Sabine, in his "History of the American Loyalists," gives a list of over twenty-four organizations of American Loyalists, included in which are the Scotch of New York and of the Carolinas; but not a word is said of any Irish regiment, battalion, or company. This being the most comprehensive work written on this subject, if there were any organizations of Irish, Catholic or Protestant, mention would have been made of them.

On this subject De Peyster said: "There were more Americans in the course of the war in the British service than Washington ever had together, regulars and irregulars, under the highest pressure of voluntary and compulsory service." This has not been a pleasant subject for men who like to claim all of the honor and credit attached to the struggle for independence for one particular class. It is not then, wonderful that Sabine should write that "upon this topic our writers of history have been almost silent." The truth of the matter it, that outside of New England the great bulk of the patriots of the Revolution were those who came from Ireland, or their descendants—the major part of those of English blood, especially in New York, New Jersey, the Carolinas and Georgia, being stanch Loyalists. Even in Massachusetts, those most loyal to the government were of what Ryerson called the purest English of Plymouth Colony. New England was, however, the backbone of the Revolutionary movement; the four colonies furnishing more than one-half of all the troops enlisted for the Continental army; Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island raising 21,000 more than their quota—Massachusetts alone contributing nearly one-third of the Continental army.

Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia furnished but a little over one-half of their quota, while the Carolinas raised less than one-third of the number allotted to them. At the close of the Revolutionary war many of the soldiers went to the Territories from Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina, just as the veterans of the civil war went in thousands to Nebraska, Colorado, etc., at its close; and the track of those of Irish origin can be traced by the names of persons and places in Kentucky, Tennessee, etc.

Dr. Hart and William Coomes were the first Catholic settlers in Kentucky, locating in Harrodsburg in 1775. The Doctor was the first medical practitioner in the State, as Mr. Coomes was the first teacher. This credit is given them in Collins' History of Kentucky. Among the fortified stations or forts built for protection from the Indians by the early settlers, not a few bore names familiar to Irish ears, denoting the presence of many of the old race. Among them, Bryan's Station, Dougherty's Station, Drennan's Lick, Fagan's Station, Finn's Station, Fleming's Station, Hart's Station, Higgins' Station, Block House, Irish Station, Lynch's Station, Logan's Fort, McAfee's Station, McFadden's Station, McGee's Station, Sullivan's Old Station, Sullivan's New Station, Sullivan's Station, Daniel Sullivan's Station, McGuire's Station, McCormack's Station and McKeenan's Station. Ten counties bear Irish names: Adair, Butler, Logan, Hart, Montgomery, McCracken, Boyle, Carroll, Rowan and Casey. John Carty, the most successful merchant in Lexington, was the son of John Carty, a native of Ireland, who went early to Kentucky from New Jersey; and Gen. John Morrison, for many years one of the leading men of the State, was the son of another Irish emigrant.

When Ramsey's History was published, in 1808, a list of subscribers to the work was printed with it, and here also is another instance of the presence of the Gael. The name of Thomas Addis Emmet will appropriately head the list, and the names following are Irish enough to please the most blue-blooded Milesian: James Buckley, Matthew Carroll, Philip Whelply, Katherine Mulligan, James Doyle, J. W. McFadden, Charles O'Neil, John D. Toy, Henry C. Neal, Daniel Fagan, Andrew Fleming, Wm. Hickey, John McLeod, Bernard O'Neal, John H. Riley, William Carroll, Patrick Gill, John McDermott, John McBride, M. Sullivan, Francis D. Riordan, Peter Kerr, John Carney, John Carey, John Cowan, Anthony C. Gurley, Hanson Kelly, James McElhinney, Hugh McGuire, John McDonald, A. D. Murphy, Harvey Bryan, C. P. Butler, Lydia Bryan, Bartholomew Carroll, Richard Cunningham, Catherine Fitzsimmons, Daniel Flood, Richard Fair, Andrew Flynn, Peter Murphy, Richard McCormack, Samuel Nolan, Cornelius O'Driscoll, Dennis O'Driscoll, Henry O'Hara, Peter McGuire, Thomas H. Egan, John Murphy, Joseph Kelly, Patrick Noble, John O'Neal, Timothy Dargan, Patrick H. Cairns, Patrick Gatlin, Robert Malone, John McMullen, J. S. Bryan and Daniel Murphy. There are, undoubtedly, many more among the subscribers, Irish in blood, but not in name, which would swell the number if the line were drawn; and a little reflection on the part of the reader will prove that this idea is not far-fetched. Look over your list of Irish acquaintances, and then see how many bear names in print that would not be called Irish, while the bearers are Celtic enough.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Less Than Half Rates to Colorado.

On June 23 and 24, The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at the exceedingly low rate of $27.50—less than one fare for the round trip; tickets good for return passage until July 27, inclusive. Solid Vestibuled Trains, Palace Sleeping Cars and Superb Dining Cars through between Chicago and Denver daily, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. For detailed information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

We are sorry to announce the death of First Sergeant William Butler, of Company E, which took place at his residence on Friday of last week. His remains were interred at Calvary cemetery on Monday, June 11, with full military honors. The following non-commissioned officers acted as pall-bearers: Sergeants Joyce, Murphy and Fleming; Corporals Skerritt, McNamara and O'Malley.

Captain Moriarty called a meeting of Company E on Saturday morning, for the purpose of taking action the death of his first sergeant. On motion a committee, consisting of Messrs. Frank Moore, John J. O'Malley, and John McDermott, was appointed to draft resolutions. Following are the resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved comrade, Sergt. William Butler;

Resolved, That we tender to the widow of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in her bereavement. Words fail to convey to her our feelings of sorrow at the untimely and sudden death of our much esteemed comrade. Our grief at the loss of a true soldier and friend teaches us how crushing must be her affliction. May the Almighty in his goodness console her in this dark hour of tribulation. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble be sent to the widow of the deceased, and a copy spread upon the records of the company.

An election was held in Company C on June 5, and First Sergeant P. Prendergast was elected second lieutenant.

At an election held in Company E on June 9, Second Lieutenant J. J. Gill was elected first lieutenant, and Sergeant J. McCarthy second lieutenant.

Dr. F. McNamara has been appointed assistant surgeon with the rank of captain.

First Sergeant Ed. O'Reilly, Company B, has been reduced at his own request.

James Tennie, Company A, and John J. Ryan, Company B, have been honorable discharged.

Company E's picnic takes place at Oswald Grove, Fifty-second and Halsted streets, Sunday, June 17.

NO SONGS LIKE THE OLD SONGS.

BY M. J. D.

Why don't they sing the old songs—the dear old songs of yore,
The songs we sung in happier days, now gone forevermore?
Give us a strain of "Bonny Doon," with a' its banks and braes.
And tell us of "Highland Mary," whom we dearly loved to praise.
Let springtime come and flowers bloom—the birds sing out their lay,
So we may meet, down by the brook, our own "Sweet Maggie May!"
"The little witching Maggie,
Maggie,
Singing all the day.
Oh, how I loved her none can tell,
My little Maggie May."

Tune up the old banjo just once and let your fingers roam
Across the strings in melody to "The Old Kentucky Home;"
All hands join in the chorus and let the notes be free,
"Oh, weep no more my lady—weep no more for me."
There's something sympathetic in the songs of days gone by—
A tenderness that sort o' brings the tear-drops to the eye.
Though years have fled and I am old, my heart with rapture swells
When mem'ry in its backward flight, returns to "Kitty Wells."
"You ask what makes this darky weak—
Why he, like others, am not gay;
What makes the tears roll down his cheek
From early morn till close of day.
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my mem'ry fresh it dwells;
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells."

"'Tis Years Since Last We Met," alas, sing comrades with a will,
The old familiar sweet refrain, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still,"
And "Nellie Was a Lady" is a song I'd like to hear
Every day and every moment of all the livelong year.
"I Dreamt I Dwealt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me,"
And "Tonight I Am a Widow in the Cottage by the Sea,"
Are songs that often solace me when I am sad and lone;
They're old songs, but I love them as I love "Sweet Belle Mahobe."
"Soon beyond the harbor bar
Shall my bark be sailing far.
O'er the world I'll wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Sweet Belle Mahone,
Sweet Belle Mahone,
Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone."

—*The Columbian, Portland, Me.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

GAELIC POETRY.

Sgeimh Rinn na Feirside.

Is mithid dam léigheadh air Sgeimh Rinn na Feirside,
An taobh seo do Eachnas ó Iochdar;
Tig dealradh ó'n n-gréin le seun air maidin,
'S ni théidheann air ais go d-tí an oidhche.
Ní'l duilbhsion d'á mheud nach b-preuchann ceathanna,
Is cuma cia'n taobh ag a séidfidh an gairbhshion,
Nach bh-full fosgadh a's feur le fághail ag an callach,
'S ni breug nach fada a chuid faorthann.

Tá'n car-fhiadh o'n Digean faoi n-a chuid beanna
Go sioruidhe ag feitheamh air Mhádhmaibh
Tá'n eilit 's an laoi go slamsamhuil macrasach
Sinte air leapachaibh fásaigh,
Tá'n broc 's an miol-mhuighe, an naosg 'gus an fheadóg ann
Crotach, cearo-fraoigh, creabhar-caoch, agus lachann ann,
Tá na coininidh siolmhar, lionmhar fairsing,
'S nach aoibhinn an eala air an t-enámh ann.

Tá'n traighean 'san móinfheur tráthnóna 's air maidin
'S go mór-mhór i g-caitheamh na h-oidhche;
De aoibhneas na Fódhla ceólta ag beachaibh,
Ag tógbháil meala de chraobhaibh.
Tá cuacha 'nna slóigtibh le ceó na maidne ann
Ag seinm léir nóta ceol agus carthanas,
An lon-dubh 's an smóilin le *chorus* ag freagairt
Air bhórd na Feirside go sioruidhe.

An fear a shidhbail Eire le pléisiúr sealad,
Air spórt agus aiteas an t-saoghail seo;
Ceannfairt an *ghame* nach féidir a bhacadh
Air feusta ag maithibh na tire.
Is iomdha sin *seat* go geur a bhreathnuigh sé,
Chois fairge, sléibhte, 'gus eudan machaire,—
Canamhain a bhéil, eidir fheur agus talamh
Go bh-full sway leis an bh-Feiriid a choidhche.

Tá innbhir na h-Eireann 'nna dhiaigh i d-tarcuisne,
'S é seo an sgaith leis an bh-firinn;
Abhainn Chill-Téine sgéimh gach glan-uisge,
I m-beul an lán-mara 'san oidhche.
Tá bradán an t-séasdir ag éirighe air charraig ann,
An breac air a léim'nna dhiaigh go macrasach;
Ní'l tasg air an g-céibh d'á mbeud a ghradam,
Nach féidir a cheapadh le lion ann.

De fheárr as bárr ádha le fághail agan bh-Feirsid,
'Nuair árduigheas neart gaoithe móire,
Tá caladh an bháid is feárr ó Ghaillimh
Go báigbe Chill-Allaidh air na cóstaidh,
Ní'l soitheach d'á mheud nach d-tarraingeann as fairrge ann,
Loingis na Spáinne 'gus málaidh tobac orra,—
Fir ag maá dul stácadh d'á chaitheamh
'S nach deas an rud baile de'n t-sort sin.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Melrose Park will soon have a new Catholic church.

The commencement exercises of the St. Pius' parochial schools will be held today (Saturday).

At the commencement exercises of Notre Dame University, which will be held June 21, the Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, will deliver an oration.

The laying of the cornerstone of the new parochial school building attached to the new Holy Trinity (Polish) church, on Noble street, took place last Sunday afternoon.

A $100,000 church building will soon be erected at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Princeton avenue, in Englewood, by St. Martin's Catholic church.

The congregation of the Holy Trinity church will erect a parochial schoolhouse at Nos. 543 to 547 Noble street. It will be three stories high, 50 feet by 120 feet, built of stone and brick, and will cost $40,000.

The visiting days set apart for the St. Peter's Day Nursery are Tuesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when all will be welcome. The nursery has been established in new quarters at No. 457 South Clark street.

P. J. O'CONNOR.

The New Head of the A.O.H.

(*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*)

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is numerically the strongest Irish organization in the world. At the Omaha convention a new leader was elected in place of M. F. Wilbere who for years has been the moving spirit of the order. P. J. O'Connor, a sharp-eyed, quick-witted, ready-tongued attorney from Savannah, Ga., was made national president, receiving 131 votes against 108 for Mr. Wilbere.

Mr. O'Connor was born in Georgia in 1859, and was educated at Pio Nono College, at Macon, Ga. After a two-years' course there he entered Georgetown Law College, where he took the degree of L.L.B., in 1880. He is president of the Catholic Library Association, an organization which owns a $30,000 building. In 1883 he was elected an alderman in his native city and served with distinction. He was supreme delegate to the council of the Catholic Knights in Chicago last May and was the first Hibernian to attend a national convention from his section. He has held the position of chairman of the directory for three successive terms and is spoken of as uniting in his style "the scholarly Irish gentleman and the Southern cavalier."

He is a personal friend of Patrick Walsh, the newly-appointed senator from Georgia, and has long been identified with the Hibernian society. He has been of great assistance in organizing the Irishmen in the Southern States into divisions.

Speaking before the Omaha convention, Mr. O'Connor said that the people of his State learned tolerance thirty-nine years ago when the epidemic of Knownothingism began to sweep over the country. Then Alexander H. Stephens stood in the breach in behalf of the people, who sent him back to congress for his loyalty. His reference to the appointmen of Patrick Walsh, an Irish-American Catholic, to the United States senate by the governor, who is a Baptist, was repeatedly cheered. He was of the opinion that A.P.A'ism was a most insidious monster, with a deep, dark motive, which had not yet come to light, but that its expressed principle was the destruction of one of the foundation cornerstones of the constitution of the United States. The people should be careful how they nourish this vampire, for if it was warmed to their breasts it would attempt to overthrow this Republican form of government.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

There was a moderate attendance at the Gaelic games last Sunday afternoon at Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The Liberators and Sarsfields put up a poor game at football. In the first half the Liberators, playing to the south goal, made a point, J. Foley putting the ball over. This was the only tally made. The second half was a repetition of the first, though the Sarsfields scored two points within ten minutes from re-starting. Foul was claimed on the last one but not allowed. The game ended in favor of the Sarsfields by two points to one, though the Liberators claimed a draw. The teams were:

Liberators—J. Foley, captain; John Foley, P. Foley, D. Moriarty, P. Moriarty, M. Moriarty, Brown, Keleher, Dineen, Brosnan, Waldem, P. Boyle, J. Boyle, Gough, M. O'Connell, A. Donovan, B. Williams.

Sarsfields—P. Mulcahy, captain; Cronin, D. O'Mara, Barry, Cahill, Mulcahy, Joyce, O'Shaughnessy, Welsh, Duggan, O'Sullivan, O'Connell, Morris, Barry, F. O'Hara, M. O'Hara, Kelly. Referee, P. Martin.

The crowd had grown larger when the Davitts and O'Mahoneys lined up, hurleys in hand. After the Davitts had invaded and been repulsed the O'Mahoneys bore down and Barry, with a fine hit, registered a point for his side. Give and take play followed for a time until the Davitts worked the ball down to their opponents' goal, where the attacking forwards got bunched with the rear defense. The ball emerged from the scrimmage and Furlong hit it through the O'Mahoney goal. E. Ahearn added a point and the ball came back to midfield. D. Ahearn was struck on the leg by an opponent and retaliated. This caused a stoppage, and though the referee tried to restart the ball with reprimanding or ruling off the offending players, the O'Mahoney captain refused to continue and called his team off the field. The game was then given to the Davitts by a score of 1 goal 1 point to 1 point. The teams were:

Davitts—E. Ahearn, captain; D. Ahearn, M. Ahearn, Cronin, Fleming, Farrell, Rourke, Ryan, Lehane, Gourley, Hogan, Lenahan, Furlong, Dwyer, Keating, B. Hayes, Flinn.

O'Mahoney's—T. Howe, captain; Clifford, Barry, Dunn, Murphy, O'Connell, O'Shea, Connors, Kennedy, O'Donnell, Galway, Cook, Ivers, Healey, Sullivan, Doran, Harrington.

LET'S BE REPUBLICANS.

(*Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis., June 9.*)

The policy of the A.P.A. is to be Democrats or Republicans according to the place or the times. If religious equality is a principle worth defending, why not meet its enemies with the same tactics? In local or state elections there is no real necessity for party allegiance. It is well to flock into the caucuses of the dominant party and help the nomination of good men.

Just at present the Republicans of Wisconsin are engaged in choosing a candidate for governor. Whoever they nominate will probably be elected. The A.P.A. is seeking to make itself influential in the canvass. There is no reason why the friends of religious equality, irrespective of former party affiliation, should not assist the Republican party to throw off A. P. A. ring rule.

The proper step at this moment is to go into the Republican caucuses which choose delegates for the State convention in July, and quietly vote down all persons who are A.P.A's or tainted with A.P.A'ism. This is the most effective blow at political A.P.A'ism that is possible to the Wisconsin friends of religious equality.

Do Not put off taking a spring medicine but take Hood's Sarsaparilla *now*. It will purify your blood, strengthen your nerves and give you a good appetite.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c per box.

Smashed the Record.

NEW YORK, May 26.—The transatlantic and all other steamship records were smashed into fragments by the great Cunard steamer Lucania, which steamed majestically up the bay to her pier early this morning. The Lucania really arrived last night, when she dropped her two big anchors into the waters off Sandy Hook, where the bay of New York is merged into the Atlantic Ocean. When the anchors were let go, the Lucania had completed the fastest voyage over a given distance ever known, surpassing the speed previously attained when she made the world's record for the westward voyage from Liverpool. She reached the Sandy Hook lightship at 8:51 o'clock last night, having traveled, according to Capt. McKay's calculations, 2,878 knots in 5 days, 12 hours, and 57 minutes. Last November she established the westward record, reeling off 2,780 knots in 5 days, 12 hours, and 47 minutes. Thus it is seen that on her trip just completed she traveled ninety-three knots further in but ten minutes more time.

The Watches of the Night

When of the repeated kind experienced by persons troubled with insomnia, soon bring about an alarming condition of the nervous system. The shaking hand, confusion of the brain, lapses of memory and loss of appetite indicate, with terrible precision, the ravages produced by loss of sleep, which if unremedied must destroy mental equilibrium altogether. No better and thorough nervine exists than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Common sense and experience point to its early and steady use in cases of insomnia. It strengthens weak and relaxes the tension of over-strained nerves, which, by the way, a resort to unmedicated stimulants will never do permanently, while the after effect of such excitants is most prejudicial. Under the influence of this benign invigorant, appetite, digestion and sleep return, and bodily comfort and health are alike promoted. It is invaluable in chills and fever, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatic and kidney trouble.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

T. Shea, Tailor.

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

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CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.
We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894. Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc., vs. Thomas Vizard, Catherine Vizard and Ernest N. Smith. Trust Baucery. No. 127,785.

Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Vizard, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the ... day of the term of the Circuit Court of ... to be held at the Court House ... in said Cook County, on the third Monday in May A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Solicitor.

A SUMMER CHAPEAU.

A [illegible] of Russian lace,
A [illegible],
A [illegible] just peeping
'Neath the [illegible],
The full brim—as the brim—
On her it rested perfection.
She [illegible] asked the price
And sighed in deep dejection.

That night she composed a triolet,
A breezy one, divine,
And sealed the rhymes and sent them off,
But did not tell mamma.
It was an airy bit of verse,
Society-coaxed out,
But writing it she half confess
To hear it in rejection.

Next sunday morn within a pew
A little suit saw fit
To nod unto the [illegible]
Or prayer in it found in it.
No hat in church e'er looked
More fair than she, I ween,
Who wore a dainty paris straw,
The famous [illegible].

—Brooklyn Eagle.

"LOOK IN FIFTY!"

The following extraordinary story was told to me some years ago by the commander of a steamship in which I was making a voyage for my health. The captain, who had himself shared in the experience he related, began his tale thus:

"A good many years ago I was in Cape Town, having been forced by illness to quit my post as second mate of a large ship bound to Bombay. A fortnight after the ship sailed I recovered my health and was fit for work.

"I remember one of those mornings while I was hunting for a berth. I was watching a Malay fishing boat sliding through the water, with an occasional burst of spray off her weather bow, which arched a little rainbow for her to rush through, when I was accosted. I turned. It was the port captain or harbor master. I cannot remember the term by which his office was distinguished. He had sailed with my father some years earlier, and I had met him on two occasions in England. He had done me some kindness while I lay in lodgings in Cape Town and had assured me of his willingness to help me find a ship when I should be well enough to go to sea. He was a Scotchman, with a hard, weather colored face and of a dry, arch expression of eye.

"'D'ye see anything to fit ye?' said he.

"'Aye,' said I, 'a plenty.'

"'Well, now,' said he, 'you're the very mon I was thinking of not half an hour ago. I was in Adderley street and met a captain who was here last year. His name's Huddersfield. He's in charge of a colonial trader from a South American port, with a small consignment for this place, and is bound for Sydney, New South Wales, where his little ship's owned, chiefly, I believe, by himsel'.'

"He pointed to a large three masted schooner that was lying within 100 strokes of an oar, almost abreast of us. She looked an exceedingly fine craft. A large Dutch Indiaman was rolling upon the swell of the sea within a few cables' length astern of her, and just ahead rode a Russian auxiliary frigate very heavily sparred, with great gleaming windows in her stern and a network of gilding on either quarter, so that the blue brine under her counter flashed as to the dart of a sunbeam whenever she lightly swayed. Yet the schooner held her own in all points as a picture of beauty and was not to be dwarfed. The gilded buttons of her trucks shone high in the azure of that afternoon. She was painted white, and a gleam of dark red, like some cold, wet flash of sunset, broke from her metaled bends whenever she was moved by the inflowing heave of the water.

"When I got on board, I found the little ship a very noble, flush decked vessel, with a clear sweep of sand bright, yachtlike pink running from the taffrail to the 'eyes.' The brasswork was full of the stars of the western sunshine. The glass of her skylights was dark and shining. Her ropes were Flemish coiled, as though indeed she had been a man-of-war. Everything was clean and neat. I guessed she was about 300 tons burden. Her crew had knocked off for the day and were lounging about the windlass, two or three of them stripped to the waist, washing themselves. They had a colonial air. This might have been owing to their dress of check shirt, open at the breast, no braces, here and there moleskins and here and there a cabbage-tree hat.

"The second mate, a man whose name I afterward ascertained was Curzon, was walking in the gangway, smoking a pipe. I inquired if Captain Huddersfield was on board. He asked me what my business was, as though suspicious of a visit from a stranger after working hours. I was about to explain the reason that had brought me to the schooner, when Captain Huddersfield himself emerged through the little companionway and stepped on deck, pausing a moment, with the sharp of his hand to his brow, to gaze in the direction of Cape Town.

"He was a tall, gentlemanly looking person, thickly bearded, the hair of a rich auburn. The skin of his face was much burnt by the sun. His eyes were of a liquid blue, and when he approached and directed them at me I seemed to find something glowing and tender in them, as though he were an enthusiast, a man of strange, perhaps high, but always honest, imaginings, a dreamer. His age seemed about 40.

"'That's the captain,' said the second mate.

"I lifted my cap and walked up to him. In a few words I told him my business, adding that I held not only a chief mate's, but a master's, certificate of competency. He eyed me critically, but with kindness, and nodded, with something of gravity, on my mentioning the name of the port captain. After we had exchanged a few sentences he took me into the cabin, a bright, breezy little interior, aromatic with a quantity of plants, which had evidently been recently brought aboard, and cheerful with mirrors and pictures, as though, in short, this gentleman was in the habit, when he went to sea, of carrying his parlor with him, and bidding me be seated he asked a number of questions, all of which I saw with much pleasure, by the expression of his face, I answered to his satisfaction.

"The interview ended in his offering me the post of mate of the schooner on a lump wage for the run to Sydney, and early next morning I went aboard with my chest and took up quarters in the cabin.

"It breezed up ahead after we had been at sea a few days. The Cambrian looked well to windward, but she was still points off her course. Then again the great Agulhas stream set us to leeward, and our progress was slow. On the 22d day of the month, we then being four days out from Table bay, the weather blackened on a sudden in an afternoon in the north, the lightning streamed like cataracts of violet flame on those sooty sierras of storm, the thunder rolled continuously, but it was not till the edge of the electric stuff, black as midnight, was over our mastheads, with sea and sky dim and frightful as though beheld in the deep shadow of a total eclipse of the sun, that the hurricane took us.

"The schooner lay over till her starboard shear poles were under, and then it was deep enough to drown a man in the lee scuppers.

"It was doubtful for some time whether she would right, and I was clawing my way forward with some dim hope of getting at the carpenter's chest for an ax for the weather lanyards when the noble little craft suddenly rose buoyant, with the long savage yell of the gale in her rigging as she thrashed her lofty spars to windward.

"After this she made fairly good weather of it, but for three days we lay under bare poles, sagging helplessly to leeward in the trough of that mighty ocean. The weather then moderated. Within six hours of the breaking of the gale it was blowing a gentle wind out of the northeast. The sun shone brightly, and the schooner flapped leisurely along her course under all plain sail and over a large but fast subsiding swell.

"During the time of violent weather Captain Huddersfield had seemed much depressed in spirits. I had attributed his dejection to the peril of those hours. We were a small ship for that tall southern surge. Moreover, his risk in the vessel might be large, for all we knew. I could not guess how gravely I misjudged one of the manliest intelligences that ever informed a sailor.

"We were seated alone at dinner on the first day of fine weather. He said after regarding me steadfastly for some moments:

"'Do you attach any meaning to dreams?'

"'I do not,' I answered.

"'But when they recur?' said he.

"'No,' said I, 'not though they should recur for a month of Sundays.'

"He was silent for a while and then said, speaking in a very serious voice:

"'For three nights running the same odd vision has troubled me. I have thrice dreamed that I was becalmed in an icy atmosphere of antarctic darkness. The stars rode brilliantly, but they made no light. Regularly through this black atmosphere there sounded, in a note of sighing, human with articulation and yet resembling the noise made by the whale when it spouts its fountain, these mysterious words: "Try for her in 50! Try for her in 50!" Over and over again it so ran, "Try for her in 50!" Now, to have dreamed this once would be nothing; twice makes it remarkable; the third time of the same vision must affect even the most wooden of minds with a spirit as of conviction. I don't believe in dreams any more than you do, yet there ought to be some sort of meaning in the repetition of one, in such a haunting cry repeated on several occasions of slumber as, "Try for her in 50!"'

"A few days after we had had that talk I have just repeated, almost immediately on making eight bells by our sextant, a man on the forecastle hailing the quarter deck bawled out that there was a small black object on the lee bow.

"I took the glass from the captain and made out a boat with a mast, but no sail. The figure of a man stood erect, and one arm hooked the mast. We shifted our helm and presently had the boat alongside.

"Two men were in her. One lay motionless under the thwarts. The other, though erect on his feet, had barely strength to catch the rope's end that was flung. The boat was of the ordinary pattern of a ship's quarter boat. While we leaned over the side looking down into her, the captain said:

"'What is the name written in the stern sheets there?'

"My sight was good. I answered, 'Prairie Chief!'

"He started and turned pale, with a look of astonishment and horror, but said nothing.

"In the afternoon we buried the body of the dead, nameless seaman; nameless because it seemed that the other was incapable of relating his story. Pain and famine had paralyzed the tongue in his mouth. The captain read the service. His manner was so subdued—his whole demeanor expressed him as so affected—that you would have supposed he was burying some dear friend or dear relative. I had often attended a burial service at sea, but never one more impressive than this. All the desolation of the mighty deep seemed to have centered as in a very spirit in the lifeless body that lay stitched in a hammock in the gangway.

"When the body was overboard, the captain walked to the boat we had hoisted in and stood with his first look of amazement and grief, musing upon, or rather staring at, the name Prairie Chief painted in the stern sheets. He then went to his cabin. When he again made his appearance some time after, he was extraordinarily reserved and gloomy. Throughout the watches he would ask if the man was better. I do not recollect that he addressed another word to me than that question.

"Next forenoon, some time about eight bells, the man was sufficiently recovered to come aft. I stood beside Captain Huddersfield, sextant in hand, while he talked to him. He said his name was James Dickens and that he had been an able seaman aboard the bark Prairie Chief. The ship was from London, bound to Sydney. South of the cape they met with very heavy weather from the northward, which hove them to and drove them south. It was so thick the captain could not get an observation. In the middle of the day, when the smother upon the sea was so thick that the flying jibboom end was out of sight from the wheel, a loud and fearful cry of 'Ice right ahead!' rang from the forecastle. The wheel was revolved—every spoke—with the fury of despair, by the helmsman, but the ship's time was come, and there was nothing in seamanship to maneuver her clear of her fate. She telescoped into the ice and went to pieces.

"A number of people, said the man, got upon the ice. Among them were the captain, his wife and a female passenger. Dickens particularly noticed these people—that is, the commander and the two women. He and three others drifted away in a boat. The bark went to pieces aloft when she struck. He was sure that none others, saving himself and the three men, escaped in the boats. It was in the middle of the day when the ship ran into the berg, and the darkness happened so quickly after the disaster that he was unable to tell much of what followed. Two of his companions died while they were adrift, and their bodies were dropped overboard.

"While Dickens told his story I watched the captain. His features were knitted into an expression of consternation, yet he never once interrupted the man. When the sailor had made an end of his story, Huddersfield said in a slow, level voice:

"'Was your commander Captain Smalley?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Was one of the female passengers Mrs. Huddersfield?'

"'It was her name, sir.'

"The captain turned his eyes upon me and cried, with a sudden wild toss of his hands that somehow gave an extraordinary pathos to his words and looks, 'She is my wife!'

"'I had hoped,' he said, speaking in short breathings and broken sentences, 'to find her safe at Sydney on my arrival there. She went home last year on a visit to her mother. It was arranged that Captain Smalley, an old friend, should bring her out. Ten days ago,' he muttered to himself, 'ten days ago.' He covered his eyes with his hand, then, looking vacantly at his sextant, went to the rail and seemed to stare out to sea into the south.

"I was about to question Dickens afresh when the captain rounded upon us in a very flash of white face and wild, eager manner.

"'Try for her in 50!' he cried, looking at me just as though he saw some one beyond me.

"He went in a sort of a run to the wheel and brought the schooner's head to a due southerly course, while he shouted in tones vibrating with the excitement that seemed like mania in the man then, with the workings of his face. I say he shouted for sail to be trimmed for the course he had brought the schooner to, and the seamen fled about the decks to my commands, alert and willing, but as astonished as I was. When sail had been trimmed, the captain called to Mr. Curzon to keep her steady as she went and requested me to follow him below.

"'Do you now guess the meaning of that dream which was three times dreamed by me?'

"Still I was at a loss and made no answer.

"'Try for her in 50!' he exclaimed.

"'Come, let's work out the latitude,' he said, 'and we'll find that iceberg's situation. My heart's afire. Oh,' he cried, but softly in a tone that thrilled through me, 'my wife is dear to me. I pray, I pray, we may not be too late!'

"'It is at this season,' said he, 'that the ice breaks away out of the south and comes in fleets of bergs thickly crowding north. There's been heavy weather. We'll not allow for a larger drift than a league a day. Try for her in 50! That's it. That will put the berg when the Prairie Chief struck it in about 51.'

"I thought now I began to understand him.

"'You mean 51 degrees of south latitude?'

"'Of course I do,' he answered.

"I measured the distance due south from the place where our ship then was and made it a few hundred miles—I forget the figure.

"'It's a short run,' said he, looking at the chart. 'The boat did it in 10 days, and that's not above three knots an hour.' I was silent. 'I shall strike the parallel of 50 degrees,' he continued, after a pause, 'then run away east. If I sight nothing, I shall head back. I'll find her—under God,' he added, removing his cap and glancing upward with an expression of rapt devotion.

"The crew were briefly told that Captain Huddersfield's wife had been aboard the Prairie Chief and that the schooner was going to seek the survivors of the wreck.

"Not until the fourth day did we strike the latitude of 50 degrees, in which time we saw no ice. The ocean was of a marvelous rich blue, the heavens a deep and thrilling violet, with coasts of swelling white vapor of a rusty bronze in their brows lying upon the glasslike line of the horizon. We now headed due east. The sailors thought our quest was ended. Throughout the glittering frosty hours—the wind blew with a piercing breath down here—Captain Huddersfield kept a lookout. He was forever crossing the deck to peer ahead, and again and again, slinging a binocular glass over his shoulder, he would go aloft on to the little fore-royal yard, where he staid till the bitter cold drove him down.

"And now comes the amazing part of this tale. I went on deck at midnight to take charge of the schooner. On walking to the side, as my custom was, and gazing steadily ahead—a corner of moon at this time hung in the sky over the port quarter—I beheld a dim faintness right ahead, a delicate gleam like some mysterious reflection of light in a looking glass in a darkened room. A man came along from the forecastle and sung out in a quiet voice that there was ice ahead. I bade him rout out Dickens. It was his watch below, but whenever ice was reported we had him up and stationed him on the forecastle to keep a lookout as the one and only man in the vessel who would know the berg we were in search of. I then ran to the companion hatch and called to the captain, who was lying upon a locker below, and he immediately arrived.

"The wind was scanty and our speed through the water scarcely four knots, but hardly had day broken—the ice island being then about a mile distant—when Dickens, who had remained on the forecastle throughout the dark hours, shrieked out:

"'The iceberg, sir!'

"It was a fine morning, the sea quiet, the wind a nipping air out of the southwest. The sun shone full upon the iceberg and flashed it into a great moon white floating heap, scared with ravines and gorges. The swell rushed in thunder into deep caverns. I saw many gothic archways, with birds flying in them. The mass was like a city of alabaster, the home of sea spirits, of ocean fowl of mighty pinion. The surf boiled in thunder on the windward points. I observed a shelf of the dead white crystal sloping very gently like a beach into the wash of the water, and while I was gazing at it the captain, who was working away at the berg with a telescope, cried out fiercely. Then, growing inarticulate, he put the glass into my hand, gaping at the ice and pointing to it.

"I leveled the glass and immediately distinguished a structure, contrived, as I presently saw, of the galley of a ship and a quantity of wreckage. It stood in a great split in the ice within musket shot of the beach, and while I looked smoke rose from it.

"'There is life there!' I cried out.

"We hauled in, and then with the naked eye clearly perceived several figures making signs to us. When we were as close as prudence permitted, the long boat was got over, and the captain and five men, one of them being Dickens, pulled away toward the berg. I stood off to improve my offing, and being full of the business of the schooner had little opportunity to remark what passed on the ice island.

"By and by the boat returned. She looked to be full of people. When she was alongside, I saw two women in her. One was locked in the arms of Captain Huddersfield. He had wrapped her in his coat and held her to his heart. Both women were lifted over the side. Three of the men were also handed up. The others managed to crawl on deck unaided. There were seven men and two women. They afterward told us that 15 in all had gained the ice.

"The wife of the captain of the Prairie Chief—he was among those who had perished—died before our arrival in Sydney. Mrs. Huddersfield, a stronger woman, quickly recovered, and was walking the deck in the sun leaning on her husband's arm within a week of her rescue."—W. Clark Russell in Strand Magazine.

Grecian Washing.

A contributor to the Pall Mall Magazine was traveling in Greece and had occasion to send to the laundry a white shirt and a collar. He thus describes the result:

The shirt came back resolved, as it were, into its primitive elements—that is to say, it was a piece of linen of irregular shape. The collar I never saw again alive, but instead a curious strip of linen, which baffled conjecture for the time.

Grecian washing is conducted in the following manner: Some 10 or 12 women come down to the stream, with large masses of garments, which they throw indiscriminately into the water. They then sit down and talk, while their children poke at the clothes with sicks to prevent their being carried down the stream and mingling eventually with the Alpheius and the infinite sea.

After this has gone on till the clothes are all soaked and have every reason to be as full of holes as a net, and the children are tired, they are taken out on the bank, or, more likely, on the dry shingle of the river and are encouraged to get dry, to which end they are beaten in a lively and sympathetic manner with large, jagged pieces of wood.

A Story of the War.

It is not generally known, even among those pretty familiar with the history of the late war, how near General Isaac Wistar came to capturing Richmond. His expedition, secretly planned for that purpose and consisting of six regiments, four of cavalry, left Williamsburg, Va., Feb. 5, 1864. The Confederate capital was known to be nearly empty of troops at that particular time. While it was not intended to hold the place, it was believed that by a quick dash the Union prisoners there could be liberated, the railway bridges destroyed and President Davis and his cabinet made prisoners. News of the projected raid was carried to the enemy by a Union soldier named Boyle, who two nights before the start was made escaped from Fort Magruder, where he was confined under sentence of death for shooting an officer. A large force was hastily withdrawn from Lee's army and reached Bottom's bridge, 13 miles from Richmond, just in time to confront General Wistar's advance. A sharp fight ensued, and as it was no longer possible to effect a surprise the object of the expedition was abandoned.—Philadelphia Record.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

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OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
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CHESTERFIELDIAN.

JAPANESE ARE STICKLERS FOR ETIQUETTE AND CEREMONY.

That Is, They Are Extremely Courteous to Each Other, but Not to Foreigners—They Are Not Slow to Take Advantage of Uncle Sam's Subjects.

A schoolboy will tell you that Japan is not exactly our antipodes, but to our notions everything is almost the opposite of what we are accustomed to. Flowers are scentless; fruit trees are cultivated not for the fruit they yield, but for the blossoms they bear; what little native fruit there is is tasteless. Stately forest trees are dwarfed, so that the garden of a few square yards may have its pond, bridge and full grown oak. Nature is stunted and oppressed, yet at the same time aided and assisted so that the result may be pleasing to the eye, and therein lies the secret of the Japanese character.

Real sterling worth is nothing compared to etiquette; ceremony is everything. Observe those two common sailors meeting in the street. Regardless of passersby and of any vehicle that may interrupt their greeting, they uncover, bow deeply, heaving a deep drawn sigh as a token of being overwhelmed at the honor. And now the salutations—no abrupt "Hello!" or "How are you?" but "Your servant is rejoiced to see your honorable countenance."

In the early days, say 20 or 25 years ago—that is, the time when W. E. Griffis wrote "The Mikado's Empire"—we foreigners were treated in the same manner, and we have only ourselves to blame for the dislike with which we are regarded at present. Those of us who tried to learn the language, being accustomed to the terse and more or less abrupt Anglo-Saxon, had very little patience with this continuous flow of ceremonial. Many is the time that a hearty "baka da ne," the very worst expression a Japanese can utter and which can only be translated by our emphatic "the d——d fool," was hurled at the back of the unconscious foreigner. He had offended against the supreme law, the code of ethics, by disregarding ceremonial forms which the native considers indispensable in all intercourse. Here is a Japanese bargaining for a jinrikisha. He makes an offer, and the cooly, bareheaded, with a profound salaam, says, "That is honorably so, but may it please your honor to bestow," etc. A foreigner bargains with the same cooly a few hours later. He is asked twice or three times the fare which a Japanese would pay, and if he offers that the cooly says simply, "No" (this is the extent of his knowledge of our tongue), and with a "baka da ne" returns to his stand.

Go into a native store accompanied by a Japanese gentleman. The storekeeper, squatted behind his hibachi (charcoal brazier), bows profoundly to your friend and favors you with a stare. Would his politeness not be thrown away upon such a boor as you, being a foreigner, are supposed to be? You are welcome to buy, and he will squeeze you all he can, but as to wasting his civility upon you—bah!

There is no use in mincing matters. Japan has been described time and again by ephemeral visitors who saw everything as through rose colored glasses. The consequence is that Japan and the Japanese have been misrepresented, both in the United States and elsewhere, and they have not been slow to take advantage of the high regard in which they are held. But this is neither a race nor a nation that requires petting, nor is it necessary to go into ecstasies over them. On the contrary, this people of over 40,000,000 has a wonderful vitality and a national vigor that will make themselves felt in the world's history.

But in describing conditions as they actually are there is no intention to cast all the odium upon the Japanese. It has been stated before that we foreigners are chiefly to blame. To explain this more fully it is only necessary to look into the matter of business intercourse as between foreigner and native.

In early days—in some firms—this custom still prevails. The bargaining with the natives was intrusted to the compradore, usually a Chinaman, who spoke the Yokohama kotoba (dialect) of the Japanese. Now a Chinaman considers himself as at least the equal if not the superior of us, but is decidedly arrogant toward a Japanese, who in his turn regards his Mongolian neighbor with the contempt of a Californian.

Under these circumstances a Japanese gentleman on business intent would come to Yokohama. Instead of meeting with the courtesy to which, in his own country at least, he certainly is entitled, he would be detained by the Chinaman or perhaps meet some supercilious junior clerk fresh from the mother country and consequently not a little impressed with his own superiority over Japanese, asking him, "What do you want?" and then refer him to the Chinaman. Is it not natural that this Japanese should shake the dust of this house and make a solemn vow not to cross the threshold again?

To be sure, most firms have superseded the Chinese compradore by native salesmen or interpreters, but these belong to the lower class of Japanese, with whom a gentleman will not associate. Hence misunderstanding and ill feeling prevail.

Japanese of the better class give Yokohama a wide berth. To them this city is an anomaly, a fungus upon the sacred soil of Dai Nippon, and some foreigners, thoughtlessly perhaps, do much to strengthen this feeling. — Yokohama Cor. New York World.

What They Thought.

"Cyrus," she said reluctantly, "I don't think I would make a good wife for a poor man."

"Then you'd make a mighty poor wife for a good man," replied Cyrus, grabbing his hat.—Chicago Tribune.

ODDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

Curious Customs of Some Foreign People as They Appear to Us.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway.

To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person. It is sacred, is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady, even his wife, his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with golcahes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.—Philadelphia Press.

Florida's Topography.

There is no state like Florida for contradictory impressions. You can find what you like or what you dislike. It is according to who you are and where you go. If you enter the state at Jacksonville, it is low, level, monotonous, an interminable stretch of piny flatwoods, enlivened only by a few scattering cattle or an occasional razor backed and big headed swine, and traversed by struggling, sandy roads that lead from nowhere to nowhere, unless it be to some sawmill, or lonesome cabin, or weather browned hamlet, in which the listless and contented negro appears to lead the population. If you enter the state at Tallahassee, there opens a lovely expanse of rolling hills and fertile valleys, vineyards, pear orchards, corn and cotton fields, threaded by fine smooth roads packed hard with red clay alluvial. Entering it from the sea at Mosquito or Jupiter inlet, it is a continuous stretch of lovely inland waters called rivers, but more properly lagoons, fed by tide water, and affording scenery of the most charming variety and picturesqueness, as unlike the flatwoods as it is different from the hill country.

If one enters it at Punta Gorda or Tampa, he will follow the elevated backbone of the interior through a region of countless lakes, skirted by thriving towns like Orlando, Winter Park, Sanford, De Land, Ocala, Gainesville, Leesburg, and resembling neither hill country nor the coast.—Springfield Republican.

Saved His Dignity.

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was justice of the peace and one of the pillars of the church, and on Sundays always sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister, as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation. One Sabbath morning, during Parson Woodward's sermon, an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise. Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and feeling the dignity of his position as justice of the peace he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting house, let him be brought before me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Old Clock.

The grand lodge of Masons in New York possesses a very interesting relic in the shape of a grandfather's clock that struck the hours for Yorktown lodge in the troubled days when George Washington, Lafayette and other officers of the continental army used to visit it and attend its sessions. The lodge ceased to exist in 1813, and the old clock was probably sold with the rest of the furniture. It was unearthed in a Baltimore pawnshop by Dr. A. B. Lyman of Lyman, Md. The doctor had his attention attracted by the figuring on the dial, which showed it to be a Masonic clock. He traced back its history and established beoynd doubt that it was made for the Yorktown lodge in 1781 by John Fisher, whose name and home town are engraved on the dial.

The clock has been placed in the east end of the library at the Masonic temple. It is an eight day clock, in a mahogany case and stands about 8 feet high. On the brass dial are engraved the Masonic square and compass, the columns and the mosaic pavement, with the name, "John Fisher, Yorktown." It shows the day of the month and the phases of the moon correctly.—Jewelers' Circular.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights In the Northern Skies.

The ancients viewed the aurora borealis with superstitious awe, looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red 'northern lights' gave us warning that something awful was about to happen." In the annals of Clan-Mac-Noise is to be found an account of a purple aurora, which lighted up the northern skies in the year 688 A. D. on the night preceding the dreadful battle fought by the Irish tribes of Leinster and Munster, and it is not necessary to mention the fact that the people took it as an omen of the great slaughter which soon followed.

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed some of the grandest displays of the auroral light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent. Superstitious people like those of Ireland hundreds of years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genoese scientist, who has long and faithfully labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fitful aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself: "We surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and afterward nearly every night during our stay had the pleasure of seeing yellowish white light dance from nib to nib, in which the spectroscope analysis exhibited the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At Pietarintumturi we were especially favored in making our experiment, having on two different occasions caused an auroral arch to appear as if hanging in the air directly over our wires and about 150 rods above them."—St. Louis Republic.

His Certificate.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for the benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand. Certainly, certainly." And the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then I can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silently and departed. — Harrison's Monthly.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About 30 years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that if electricity was good for feeble people it might be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out on his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that as there were a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree that had been given up by the gardener as past saving was soon the most flourishing one of the row and before long outstripped its fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and the florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily managed methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

Age of Some Noted Universities.

It is said the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872. The University of Cambridge, or rather the first of the colleges at present comprised in it, was founded by Hugo, bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about the year 1200. The first German university was established at Prague in 1348. Trinity college, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591. The University of Edinburgh was first chartered in 1589 by King James VI of Scotland. Harvard college was founded at Cambridge, or, as it was then known, Newtown, Mass., in 1636. Yale university was first established at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700. It removed to its present location, New Haven, in 1716.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A SAD STATE OF SOCIETY.

Count Tolstoi Thinks That Things Are Better In America Than Elsewhere.

In the London Standard is given an admirable account of an interesting interview which a Russian journalist has had with Count Leo Tolstoi.

The journalist had beforehand apprised the count of his intention and stated that the theme of conversation he wished to start would be "the vicious tendency of society," or briefly, "inbred sin," and the count consented to give his ideas on the subject as follows: "Suppose for a moment," said he, "that six tigers had been brought in a solid iron cage to some menagerie in the government of Tula. Go on to suppose that the beasts had broken loose and spread over the plains and forests, attacking the inhabitants. Naturally, if these six tigers were killed or caught and shut up again in their cages, the mischief would be at an end. Some people seem to think that the case of vicious men is similar, in which they are altogether mistaken. Vitiated human beings are not tigers in Tula, but wolves—wolves which regularly breed there and have done so for generations, and which it is absolutely impossible to exterminate."

"You propose, then, count"——

"I declare that if I find that in my own house fleas are breeding it would be strange for me to try and catch these insects one by one. A much simpler way is to clean out all the dust and dirt from the house, and the fleas will disappear of themselves."

"And what have you to say, count, of the rapid development of 'the vicious tendency' which is to be observed now even in the most cultivated society?"

"It is due to the absence of good sense and of love. I consider the cultured society of today, as you call it, as something abnormal. Common sense has lost its footing there, and, as for love, it is conspicuous by its absence. It is very sad. 'Inbred sin' (zlaya volia) leads to grewsome consequences, especially because it is never possible to define the form in which it is likely to manifest itself or the victims predestined for it. If a dying horse in the street lashes out in spasms, any passerby may fall under his hoof."

"You say a 'dying horse?'"

"A 'dying' or raging or bolting, it is all the same. I mean an 'abnormal' animal, just in the same condition as an abnormal man—of vicious tendency."

"And which nation do you consider the most abnormal at the present time—Americans, French, English, Germans?"

"At any rate, not Americans! To their credit must be put an immense national self love which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans, in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the MSS. over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to 14 different editors without it getting accepted and finally it had to be sent to England."

"If not America, count, then?"

"Why, France! Can anybody consider France as normal where such things as 'Panama' occur, where men occupying high positions in society are ready to commit any crime for gold? Is that a normal state? A thousand times no!"

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On All Hallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow.

Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

Dwarfing Bamboo Trees.

The dwarfing of bamboo trees is an important branch of the Japanese nursery business. A few weeks after the shoots begin to grow, and when the trunks measure about 3 inches in circumference and 5 feet in height the bark is removed, piece by piece, from the joint. After five weeks, when the plants get somewhat stout, the stem is bent and tied in.

After three months, when the side shoots grow strong enough, they are all cut off five or six inches from the main trunk, they are then dug up and potted in sand. Care should be taken not to use any fertilizer, but plenty of water should be given. Cut off the large shoots every year in May or June, and after three years the twigs and leaves will present admirable yellow and green tints.—Garden and Forest.

One View of the Transaction.

"Did you hear Banx say that he bought that property for a song?"

"Yes."

"Ever hear him warble?"

"Occasionally."

"Then you must realize that that purchase was about the worst case of intimidation on record."—American Industries.

Education.

Education has silently become the one thing which all men who differ ever so much in creed, culture, sect and race now practically agree to believe in.—President G. Stanley Hall in Forum.

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Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, VP; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, J J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 498 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 23 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaster, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 2223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Rudy, 4060 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 83 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seits, 164 E 18th st; F S, John F Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 483 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 223 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3606 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Goode, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trosen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Pournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S,

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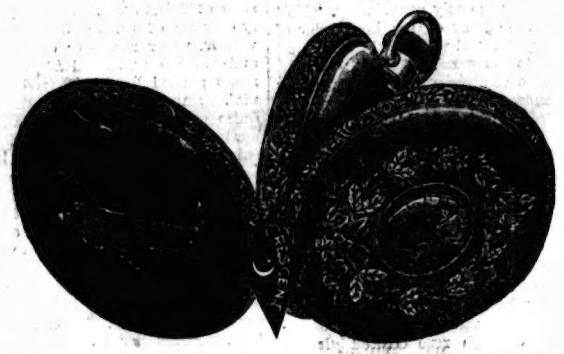

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